

The
SAPPHIRE STORY BOOK
—
BY HENRY W. COUSSENS



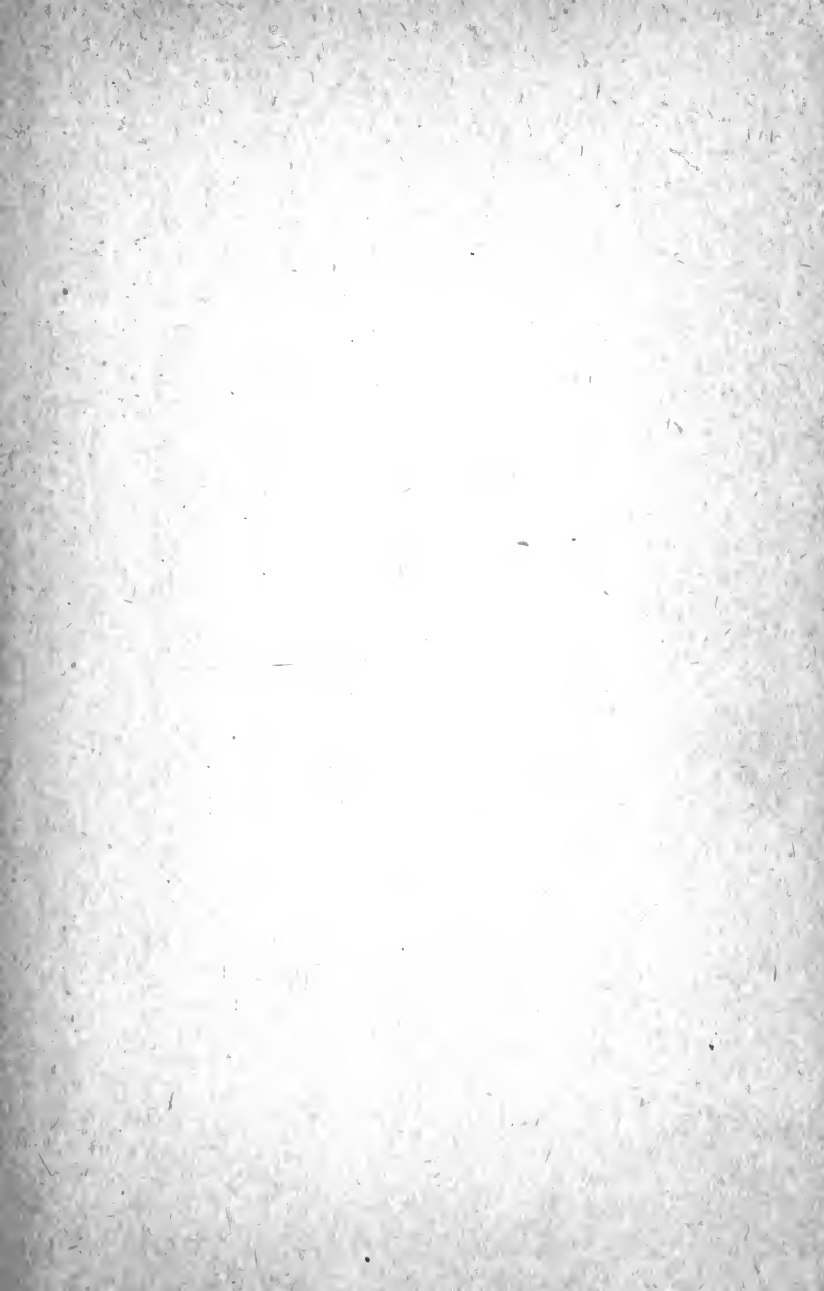


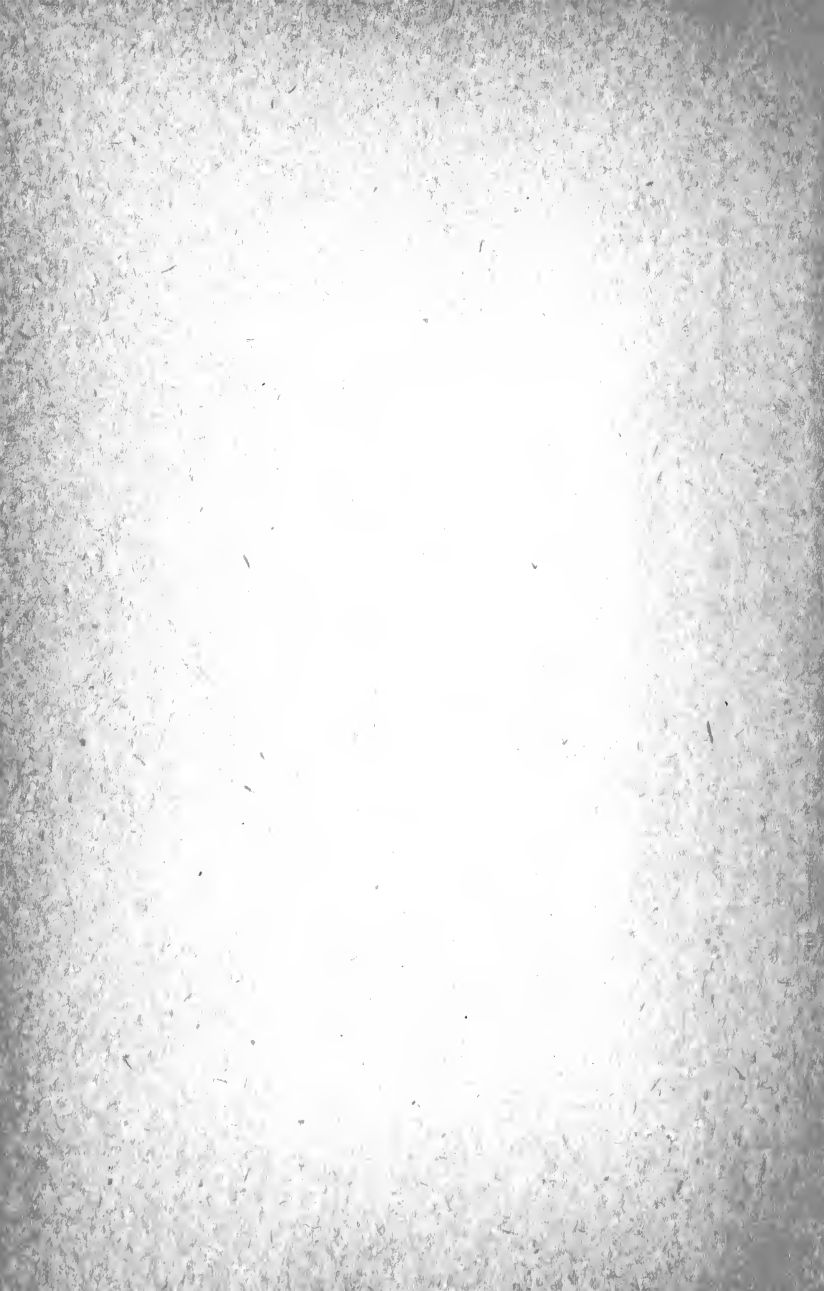
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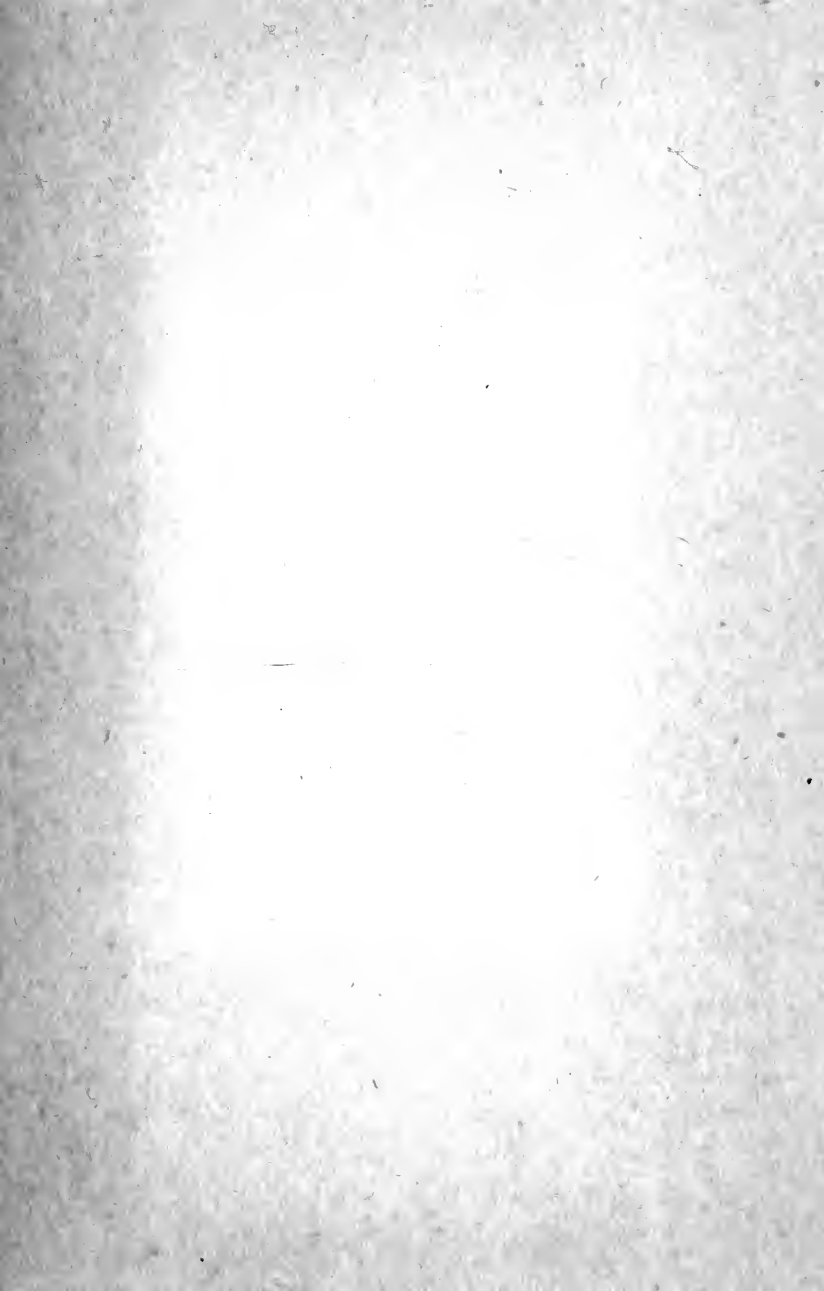
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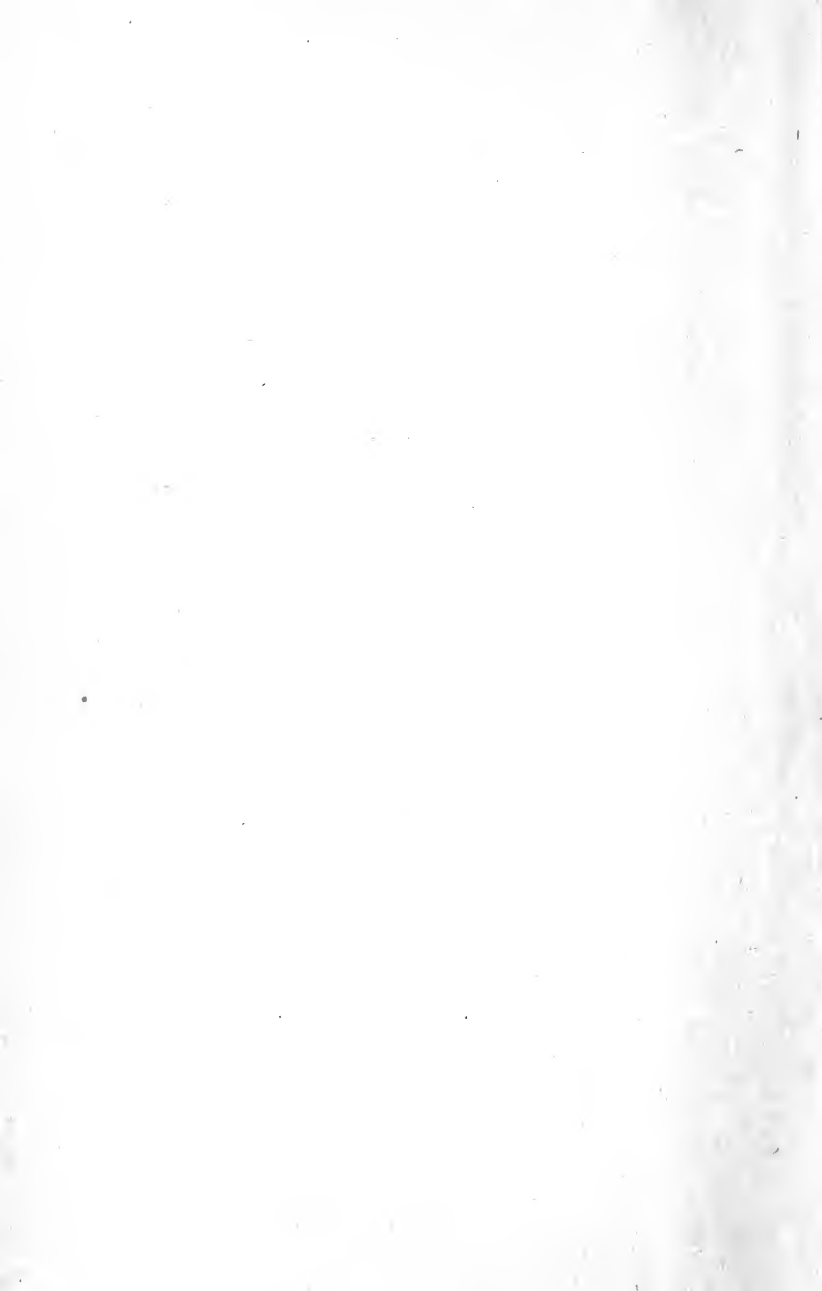
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AUTHOR OF "THE RUBY STORY BOOK" "THE DIAMOND STORY BOOK"

EDITOR OF "A CHILD'S BOOK OF STORIES" "POEMS CHILDREN LOVE"

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M. R. F. May 28/17

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PREFACE

"The Sapphire Story Book," the fourth of the "Jewel" series, is composed of stories relating to the sea.

As in the preceding volume, "The Ruby Story Book," many of the stories tell of courage, heroism, and devotion to duty, which, it is hoped, will benefit, as well as interest, the reader.

My thanks are due the following for permission to include stories which appear in their publications:

E. P. Dutton & Co., for "The Testing of a Man," taken from "Frank Brown," by Frank T. Bullen.

J. B. Lippincott Co., for "Wrecked on an Iceberg," from "Adventures on the High Seas," by Richard Stead.

P. W. C.



THE SAPPHIRE STORY BOOK

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE

THREE small ships were anchored at the bar of Saltes, near the town of Palos, in Spain. It was a gala day, this 3rd of August, 1492, for Christopher Columbus was ready to start on his voyage of discovery.

Crowds thronged the waterside to witness the departure of the adventurer, who, for eighteen long years, had striven to interest one or another of the rulers of Europe in the great enterprise. At last Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain had agreed to finance the expedition, and now three caravels, the largest of them being the *Santa Maria*, his flag-ship, of one hundred tons' burden, sixty-five feet long and twenty feet in breadth, and two smaller ones, the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and the *Nina*, captained by Vincente Yanez Pinzon, were waiting the arrival of the

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Admiral, for such was the title under which Columbus sailed.

There was no cheering from the people as the boat left the shore, for many of the watchers believed that none of the hundred and twenty men who were to sail would return.

Not all of those on board went willingly, for some were pressed into the service. Others embarked through love of adventure, and the treasure they expected to find. Many of them were of undesirable and lawless character, released from prisons in which they were serving sentence on condition that they serve for the voyage with Columbus, and these tried to spread dissatisfaction almost as soon as the anchors were weighed.

On the second day out the *Pinta* became unmanageable, and the rudder was found to be broken. This was repaired as well as possible, and in nine days they reached the Canaries, where it was found necessary to delay a month in order to render the ships sufficiently seaworthy to continue the voyage into unknown seas.

They left the islands on September 6th, the

men being somewhat lighter-hearted on account of the tales told by the inhabitants that they sometimes saw land far off to the west. But in a few days their dissatisfaction returned.

On September 13th, they saw a bird of bright plumage, and this encouraged them. Three days later they ran into large patches of seaweed, and on September 18th, the *Pinta*, which was ahead of the other two boats, reported a flock of birds; the next day they saw two pelicans, and on September 21st a whale passed them.

They were then in what is known as the Sargasso Sea (from the Portuguese word meaning "floating seaweed").

Knowing their desire for gain, Columbus spoke often to his men about the treasure which would surely be found. He also made two records daily, a true one for himself only, and a false one for the sailors. By these means he obtained some sort of order. He told to none of them his own thoughts, but he knew if they kept on a westerly course, some land must be reached. This he had reasoned out to his

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own satisfaction. The crews were fearful that if they went far enough, they would sail over the edge of the ocean to destruction.

Now most sailors are superstitious, and when they discovered that the needle of the compass pointed westward, they were sure that something dreadful would happen. Columbus, of course, had noticed this variation of the needle, and kept it from his men as long as he could. He himself had some misgiving as to the meaning of this, but he kept steadily on. It needed all his powers of persuasion to keep the men at their work.

On September 25th, Captain Martin Pinzon reported land ahead, and all rejoiced and returned thanks to God. But this turned out to be only low-lying clouds, which gave the appearance of land.

Discontent now became more pronounced than before, and there was open talk of mutiny. But Columbus faced them fearlessly, and managed to keep them in hand both by appeal and by threats of punishment.

By his own figuring, Columbus had expected to reach land by this time, and he began

to wonder how far away was the famed "Cathay" (the westward passage to which country he thought to discover). He felt that he must have erred in his calculations, and when Martin Pinzon pointed out that the birds they saw flew from the southward rather than from the west, Columbus changed his course to that direction.

They had been on the new course for three days, and there were continuous signs of some sort or another that land was not far away, but now the sailors were sure that these were only illusions, and on the night of October 10th they again became mutinous, and declared that they would return to Spain.

The courage of the dauntless Columbus was now indeed put to the test. The arguments he made and the rewards he promised were scoffed at by the crew. He became more determined, and told them that their king had ordered him to discover a way to the Indies, and that this he should continue to seek.

At last he managed to secure a semblance of order. He was sure that land was near, and when in the morning he saw a fresh green

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branch floating by the ship, he had no more doubt.

That night he kept watch himself, and through the darkness he thought he saw the fitful gleam of a light. At two o'clock in the morning a gun on board the *Pinta* was fired, and then Columbus knew that he was not mistaken.

Roderigo de Triana, of the *Pinta*, was the first man to see land, and it was he, who, according to the signal agreed upon, fired the cannon in order to let the other vessels know of his discovery.

When it was light enough, they saw what appeared to be an island covered with trees, and upon the shore were many inhabitants looking intently at the oncoming ships.

Soon a boat was lowered from each caravel, and Columbus and the two Pinzons, clad in shining armour, were rowed ashore. There Columbus drew his sword, and took possession of the island, which he named San Salvador, in the name of the King of Spain.

He believed that the island was off the mainland of India, and since that time the

original inhabitants of the western hemisphere have been called Indians.

Columbus treated the natives kindly, and made friends with them. San Salvador proved to be a small island, and he was now filled with a greater desire than ever to find the land of wonderful treasure, which he had set out to discover, and which he believed lay to the south.

In three days' time he left San Salvador, taking with him several of the natives to serve as guides. He cruised among the various islands, taking possession of each in the name of King Ferdinand, and at last reached Cuba, which he then thought to be the object of his search.

On the night of October 20th, the Captain of the *Pinta* deserted his Admiral, thinking to hasten back to Spain, and take to himself the glory of the discovery. This was a great blow to Columbus, but his pride kept him up.

Soon after this the *Santa Maria* was wrecked, and had to be abandoned. This was a seemingly overwhelming disaster, but a great idea now came to the Admiral.

The only vessel now left was the *Nina*, too small to accommodate both crews, so he gave permission for all who wished to do so to stay in this beautiful country, and this appealed to many of them.

About forty men remained, and on January 4th, 1493, Columbus started on the return voyage. He met Martin Pinzon on the way, but no longer was there any confidence between them.

Both ships were almost overcome by fierce storms, and they became separated. For many days the little *Nina* was tossed and buffeted by the waves, and was driven far out of her course. At length, however, the Island of St. Mary, of the Azores group, was reached.

Another storm drove the little caravel from her anchorage at St. Mary's, and for several days she was tossed about at the mercy of the waves before being able to return.

The Azores belonged to Portugal, and of the Portuguese Columbus was suspicious, so as soon as he could leave St. Mary's, he set sail for Spain.

Storms raged fiercely, and it seemed that

only the hand of God kept them safe. But finally, after having been forced to run into the mouth of the river Tagus, the adventurers reached Palos, from which point they had departed seven and a half months ago.

A great reception was given to the returned heroes, and in the midst of the rejoicing the *Pinta*, which was thought to have been lost, reached port.

Truly this was a wonderful voyage, the success of which was due only to the indomitable courage and perseverance of Christopher Columbus. He did not discover the India he set out to find, but he did discover a land which now contains the world's greatest republic, and which for centuries has paid tribute to the memory of a daring explorer.

KING OLAF'S LAST FIGHT

HAKON, the father of Earl Erik, had been the real ruler of Norway, although not of royal birth. He was a man of great courage and strength, and had been very popular with his people, who for many years recognized him as their sovereign. But as he acquired more power, he became cruel and deceitful, so that his people began to hate him.

At last they rebelled, and just at this time Olaf Triggvison, grandson of King Harold Fairhair, arrived in Norway, and him the royal people made their king, Hakon being slain in battle. This was in the year 995, five years before the time of this story. And these five years had brought peace and prosperity to Norway such as the people of that country had not before known, and they had adopted Christianity in place of Paganism.

The kings of Sweden and Denmark had become very jealous of King Olaf, but each of them feared to war against him, because of his powerful navy. This jealousy was fanned by Earl Erik, who was famous as a viking, and whose fleet of battleships was greater than that of either the king of Sweden or of Denmark, and about equal to that of Olaf.

He was eager to take revenge upon the latter for having overthrown his father Hakon.

At length the three fleets joined, and there was war between the allies and Norway.

The Swedes and Danes, with Earl Erik, had an overwhelming force of ships and warriors, but the Norsemen were all picked men and able sailors. The hostile fleets met, and from early morning the battle had raged fiercely. By noon most of the ships of Sweden and Denmark were either sunk or had withdrawn from the fight, defeated. But the cost to the Norsemen was heavy. Half of King Olaf's ships had been disabled, but none was boarded, or captured.

The plan of the allies was for the combined ships of Sweden and Denmark to make the

attack, while Erik's fleet should be held in reserve. The crafty Earl was very sure that, while King Olaf's vessels would be battered and bruised, he would prove more than a match for his opponents, even though the odds were against him, so skilful a general was he. But he was also sure that, reduced in numbers and strength as the Norsemen would be, victory would be comparatively easy for him, with his fresh ships and men.

He was a Norseman himself, and had, in his time, fought against all Scandinavian countries, including his own. He, therefore, knew the mettle of his own men, and of those he was about to attack. His judgment told him that the battle now could have but one result—victory for him. King Olaf had lost half his ships, and his warriors were spent and weary. He himself was wise in warfare; his ships now outnumbered those of his opponent by two to one, and his vikings were eager for the battle.

This was an opportunity for which he had long waited. He had expected to occupy the throne of Norway on his father's death, but

this hope Olaf had shattered. To be revenged, he had induced the kings of Sweden and Denmark to declare war against his enemy, and now his vengeance was at hand.

King Olaf had seven ships which were not disabled, while Earl Erik led fifteen into the fray. The ship which Olaf himself commanded was larger than any of the others. It stood much higher out of the water, and this made it almost impossible to board. Erik wisely gave his attention first to the wrecking of the smaller vessels. His own ships were fitted with sharp, iron-bound prows, which were terribly effective when used for ramming.

Selecting the ships upon the extreme right and left wings, he directed three of his vessels to ram each, the rowers using their utmost speed. This was successfully done, and soon Erik's vigorous vikings were engaged in terrific combat with the tired warriors, who had already borne the brunt of a day's hard fighting, and were almost exhausted.

The defenders who were not slain jumped into the sea, and swam to the nearest ship, the

captured vessels being taken to the rear. The operation was then repeated, and after a fierce struggle, the next two ships were out of action.

King Olaf's great battleship, the *Long Serpent*, was now the object of attack, but Erik knew that Olaf's generalship and splendid seamanship would make this no easy task. The afternoon was advanced, and in four hours darkness would be upon them.

The *Long Serpent* had been reinforced by the men driven from the captured ships, and a perfect rain of arrows was kept up upon her swarm of adversaries. Erik soon saw that he could not board this vessel as he had the others; it towered above his own decks, making it impossible to reach the bulwarks.

Stratagem must be used. He gave the signal to retire, and then consulted with his captains. One of them suggested that heavy weights be thrown on one side of the deck of the *Long Serpent*, making the ship lean over. It would then be easy to board. Erik thought this a good plan, and having made the necessary preparations, he urged the rowers to their utmost, and rammed the *Long Serpent*

amidships with great force, making the ship keel half over.

Other ships had been sent to the opposite side, and now the men hurled logs of wood and everything that had weight over the gunwale. The stout vessel leaned over, and quickly bridges of oars were made, across which the vikings swarmed.

And now the conflict was more fierce than ever. Three out of four of Erik's men who attempted to board were slain, and the Earl began to regret his strategy. But it was too late to withdraw, so he ordered that everything of weight from all of his ships that it was possible to move be thrown upon the devoted vessel, even to the stones used as ballast.

This was done, and soon the *Long Serpent*, under the heavy load, leaned over so that her gunwale was almost on a level with the other ships. And now Erik himself led his vikings on board.

From the first the battle had been unequal, so greatly was King Olaf outnumbered in ships and men, but he was still the undaunted

warrior. The odds against him now were so great that there could be but one end. With his brave warriors he fought on and on, preferring death to surrender.

And now only five of them were left, and King Olaf himself was sorely wounded; he had fought a great fight, and lost. The day was drawing to a close, and darkness was approaching. By his side was a faithful counsellor and friend; together they ran to the rail of the ship, and leaped into the sea.

Earl Erik was filled with wrath that Olaf had escaped him, for he had wished to capture the king even more than he desired victory. He looked across the water and saw the two swimming. Presently one of them disappeared; boats were sent to secure the other, who proved to be the King's friend.

The sun was setting in a blaze of glory, and those looking over the sea were amazed to see a bright light, in the center of which was a cross.

Legend has it that King Olaf reached the shore, and finally journeyed to Rome. But never did he return to Norway.

KING OLAF'S LAST FIGHT 19

Earl Erik soon afterwards renounced Paganism, and became a Christian. His ships had been decorated with images of Thor; these he removed, and in their place were put figures of the Cross.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

ON April 17th, 1610, Henry Hudson set sail from the river Thames on his last voyage of discovery.

It was his ambition to discover a passage round the northern part of the world, which he was sure existed. Already he had made three attempts to find a way through the north-east, and on his second voyage, in 1608, he had reached Nova Scotia, but had not succeeded in his quest.

Undaunted by his former failure, he resolved to try his fortune by a westward route, so now he started upon his perilous search in a small ship, manned by twenty-three sailors.

Among those on board the ship was a young man named Henry Greene, to whom he had long been a friend. Of such character was this young man that all his former friends and

acquaintances would have nothing more to do with him, and he was in desperate straits when Hudson took him into his home, and treated him as though he were his own son.

By the time they had reached the coast of Iceland, Greene had quarreled with most of his shipmates, and here he came near causing the surgeon, who accompanied the expedition, to leave them, and go ashore. But Hudson managed to settle the differences between them.

The ship continued in a northwesterly direction, and in time reached the channel which is now known as Hudson's Strait, named after the intrepid explorer. Through this they passed, now sailing south, and they came to a bay, now called Hudson's Bay.

Summer had gone, and it was becoming colder and colder. They had reached the southern shore of the vast bay, and here Hudson decided to land, and build a house in which they could pass the winter.

He directed the carpenter to go ashore and begin the building. But the carpenter refused, saying that he would not and could not

construct any sort of a dwelling place in such cold weather, and that the ground was unfit.

Hudson determined to stay where they were during the winter, and continue his voyage of discovery as soon as the ice should disappear, so he sought and found a sheltered place where the ship was anchored.

The matter of provisions caused him some worry, but, fortunately, game was plentiful during the colder months. Their greatest hardship at this time was caused by the severity of the weather, and several of the men suffered from frost-bite.

But with the approach of spring the game disappeared, and they were obliged to rely entirely upon their original supply of food, which was running low. They were still locked in the ice when they were surprised by a visit from a lone Eskimo.

Hudson treated the savage kindly, and gave him numerous presents. He tried to get some information from him about the land and water farther north, but without success. The Eskimo stayed on board for two days, and then made signs that he must leave them, but would

return later. They saw no more of him.

As soon as the ice cleared sufficiently to allow the passage of a boat, Hudson sent some of the men out fishing. Among these was Henry Greene, and as soon as they were away from the ship, he sought to make the others agree to mutiny. All of them were discontented, and he easily persuaded them to consent to do as he suggested.

When the men returned from their fishing expedition, which was fairly successful, Hudson decided to explore the coast, to see if he could discover any of the tribe to which the savage who had visited them belonged. But he did not find a single human being.

This was discouraging, because the supply of food was very low now, and he knew that they could not stay long where they were, with no means of adding to their stock of provisions other than what fish they might catch.

The ice had now broken up sufficiently for the ship to go out into the broad bay, and so, to his sorrow and great disappointment (for he greatly wished to continue his exploration), he was obliged to give orders to sail for home.

But before starting, all the food on board was collected, and then divided equally among them.

Their progress was slow, on account of the masses of drifting ice, and it soon became apparent that the food would not last until England could be reached.

Greene had been plotting with the crew to mutiny. Among those he had not yet sounded was Pricket, the man who kept a chronicle of the expedition.

Now Pricket was faithful to Henry Hudson, and when one night he was awakened by Greene, and asked to join the mutineers, he was filled with horror. It was dark, and Greene did not see the look of fear and disgust upon Pricket's face, but went on to tell him that his plan was to put their captain and those who were sick adrift in the boat, to save themselves if they could.

Pricket endeavored to turn Greene from his purpose, pointing out what an awful thing it was, and that none of the mutineers would dare return to England. He refused to join them, and Greene, in a rage, told Pricket that

he should be put into the boat with Hudson and the sick men.

Greene called the boatswain, and leaving him to guard Pricket, went away to talk with King, the carpenter, who had not yet been approached.

Presently Greene returned, carrying a lantern; by its dim light Pricket saw that upon his face was a look of hatred, and he was now sure that Greene's chief motive was revenge. He recalled that upon more than one occasion the captain had been compelled to publicly censure Greene, and to his mind this explained the mutineer's present conduct.

Pricket told Greene and the boatswain what he thought to be the real reason for the mutiny, but each swore that the only reason was the good of the crew, and that no bodily harm should be done to anyone.

Now Greene wished to win Pricket to his way of thinking, because he was the only man on the boat, other than Hudson, who possessed a knowledge of navigation, and, therefore, his services would be very necessary.

The carpenter also had refused to agree

to Greene's plans, and so it was decided to put him in the boat with Hudson. Pricket besought Greene to spare King, and to this he finally consented, thinking thereby to bribe him.

Soon after daylight Hudson came out of his cabin, and immediately he was caught from behind, and pinioned. The carpenter endeavored to assist his master, but was held back by the mutineers.

The boat was lowered, and into it were placed all of the sick men. Pricket did his best to prevent this, but the ringleader, Greene, showed himself to be without pity, and thereupon ordered him to be locked in his cabin.

Hudson was forced over the side and into the boat, and with him his son John. Henry King, the carpenter, refused to stay on the ship, and so his chest was thrown into the boat, and he followed it.

The rope was cut, and the boat cast adrift in the icy sea. What became of its occupants has never been discovered. But the fame of

the intrepid explorer will never die, and the great River and Bay which bear his name form an everlasting monument to a brave man.

The lot of the mutineers proved to be anything but a happy one. Most of them were stricken with remorse for their cruel deed. Pricket was forced to take command, a position he did not in the least desire.

A fierce gale sprang up, and for two weeks the ship was surrounded by ice. At last they escaped from this, and at the end of July, 1611, they reached Digges' Cape. Here some of them went ashore, where they were attacked by savages, and all but one of them mortally wounded. This man rowed the boat, with the stricken sailors on board, back to the ship, and before night had fallen, each one of the wounded was dead, Greene being the first to go.

There were now but few men left to work the boat, and these were in rags, and starving. Finally, in a condition too pitiable to mention, this remnant of the crew reached Solway Bay, on the coast of Ireland.

Their tale was told, and an expedition was sent from England in quest of Hudson and his companions, but no trace of them was ever discovered.

THE OPENING OF JAPAN TO THE WORLD

IT is to the United States of America that Japan is really indebted for her present position as one of the great powers of the world.

For hundreds of years this empire of the east had kept to the policy of having nothing to do with other nations. The Japanese believed that they were too superior a people to permit themselves to have any intercourse with the rest of the world. They did, however, make an exception of Holland, whose sailors were permitted to make one visit a year to their capital.

But this was not a very pleasant matter for their Dutch guests, because they were requested to stay as short a time as possible, and not only were they given to understand that their presence was not particularly welcome,

but whenever the captain of a ship or any of the officers had occasion to visit a magistrate or any other dignitary, he had to degrade himself by crawling on his hands and knees before the official.

It is true that in this way the Dutch traders introduced a small amount of Japanese merchandise to their markets, but it also taught the Japanese to think less than ever of these western people, who would allow themselves to be treated in so humiliating a manner.

Business relations with the east were growing rapidly, and the countries of Europe and America became irritated because Japan refused to open her ports to their ships. One Russian captain boldly attempted to land, and he and his sailors were captured and kept as prisoners for two years. If a Japanese were known to leave his own country and visit another, he was not permitted to return.

When Jackson was President of the United States, he made a strenuous effort to open commercial relations with Japan, but without success. This was in the year 1831. Twenty-four years later Commodore Biddle, with two war

ships, made an attempt to negotiate a treaty with the island empire, and in this he not only failed, but was treated with the greatest contempt.

A few years later the Government decided that this state of affairs could be tolerated no longer, so Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, who was sure that a peaceful opening with Japan could be made, and who had made a very careful study of the problem, was appointed to command an expedition with this end in view.

He left Norfolk, Va., in March, 1852, on the steamer *Mississippi*, and in the Spring of the following year he reached Hongkong, China, where he added to his expedition the steamship *Susquehannah*, and the ships *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*.

On July 7th, he arrived at Urago, in the bay of Yedo. Here the ships dropped anchor, greatly to the indignation of the inhabitants. Boats from the shore were sent with orders to request the immediate departure of the ships, but Perry would allow no one on board. Through an interpreter he gave them to un-

derstand that he would receive none but the highest dignitaries. He also let them see that his ships were ready for action.

So the boats returned without any message having been delivered, but they took one back with them. That this was effective was soon shown by the fact that another boat left the shore bearing the vice-governor of the district. Perry showed some hesitation about allowing him to come on board, but at length said that he could speak with one of his lieutenants, as his own rank would not permit him to give an interview with any but one who occupied a station of the highest importance.

The vice-governor had to content himself with telling the lieutenant that the ships must leave the harbor at once, and proceed to Nagasaki, where the Dutch were allowed to make their annual visit.

The Lieutenant replied that such a request was an insult to the great President of the United States, who was represented by the commander of this expedition, and that the message he brought would be delivered only to an official of the highest rank. He added

that if the governor himself did not accept the message, they would force their way to the capital, if necessary, and deliver it to the Tycoon* himself.

The vice-governor left the ship, much impressed by the manner of his reception. Two more attempts he made to see Commander Perry, but without avail. The next visit was made by the governor of the district, and in accordance with his greater rank, Perry allowed him to see two captains. The governor was even more struck with the dignified stand taken by the President's representative than the vice-governor had been, and he went so far as to tender an apology for having intimated, during his talk with the two captains, that the Tycoon equalled in rank the President of the United States.

He finally said that the presenting of the message was a matter which would have to be passed upon by the Mikado himself, and that at least four days' time must elapse before he could hope for a reply.

*The Mikado's personal representative.

The captains made their report to Commodore Perry, who said that as the capital was a journey of only a few hours, the reply must reach him within three days, otherwise the ships would go to Yedo (the capital), and he himself would go to the Tycoon's palace for a reply to the message.

The governor was so greatly impressed by the Commodore's unflinching attitude, that he promised to comply with his commands.

In three days' time a reply came to the effect that the Tycoon would send a high dignitary to receive the President's letter, and that an answer to it would be returned through either a Dutch or Chinese source.

The commodore's reply intimated that this was an insult, and he threatened to force his way to the palace. This answer was effective, and two days later, accompanied by the governor, vice-governor, and a large guard of honor, he went ashore in his barge, the ships firing a salute of thirteen guns as he stepped on land.

Here he was received with the respect due to one of the most exalted rank. His creden-

tials and the President's letter were placed in receptacles of solid gold, a guard of honor was placed around a gorgeous sedan chair, in which he was invited to ride, and the procession proceeded on its way to the Tycoon's palace.

The letter was received with every evidence of respect, and a formal receipt given for it. Commodore Perry was then told that a reply could not be made at this time, so he, fairly well satisfied with the temporary success of his mission, took his leave, saying that he would return for a definite answer in the course of a few months.

He went back to his flagship, the *Susquehannah*, and in order to show his independence, moved his fleet up the bay to a point not far from the capital. Having thus introduced America to the Japanese, he left the bay of Yedo on July 17th, having spent ten days in an effort which was destined to be of great service not only to America, but to the whole world.

It had been his intention to return to the bay of Yedo some time within the following three

or four months, but shortly after the departure of his fleet, he received news of the death of the Tycoon, and so delayed his visit until February, 1854. On this occasion he commanded six ships, three of them being steamers, and objects of considerable interest to the Japanese who possess to an unusual degree the spirit of curiosity, and a desire to investigate.

Having reached the Bay of Yedo the second time, it became a matter of consideration as to what place should be selected for the delivery of the reply of the President's letter. The Commodore desired it to be the capital, but to this the authorities objected. After some argument, Yokohama, at that time a small village, but now a large and thriving city, was selected. There, on March 8th, the formal articles of convention between the United States of America and Japan were exchanged, and the spot upon which the treaty was made has been, in a way, dedicated to America, for there stands the United Christian church.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Com-

modore Perry invited the high Japanese dignitaries to attend a banquet on board his ship. Only a few months before this time such an invitation from a foreigner would have been considered an insult, but now it was accepted with pleasure, and it proved to be a means of creating a feeling of friendship between the two countries.

Following the success of Commodore Perry's expedition, other nations signed commercial treaties with Japan, which country, as a result, has grown to be a great world power.

And so was won, without bloodshed, one of the greatest of naval victories, the only guns fired being those used in saluting.

As a monument to the memory of the Commodore and Statesman, his son-in-law, August Belmont, of New York, erected a superb bronze statue, which stands in Touro Park, Newport, Rhode Island. Perry's name is held in reverence by the people of Japan, for they look upon him as the man who brought about their real freedom.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT

As Told by Captain Paul Jones Himself

ON the morning of that day, the 23rd (September, 1779), the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to, to windward. About noon I manned and armed one of the pilot boats to send in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this a fleet of forty-one sails appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing N.N.E. This induced me to abandon the single ship which had then anchored in Burlington Bay; I also called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase.

When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail towards the shore. The two ships of war that pro-

tected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance* showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening, being then within pistol shot, when he hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*. We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle being thus begun was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practiced on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the *Bon Homme Richard*, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in this point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the *Bon Homme Richard* athwart the enemy's bow;

but as the operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowspirit, however, came over the *Bon Homme Richard's* poop by the mizzenmast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which, by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the *Bon Homme Richard's* bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponents. When this position took place it was eight o'clock, previous to which the *Bon Homme Richard* had received sundry eighteen-pound shots, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned.

As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shots in all. Two out of the three of

them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all of the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Colonel de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon (nine-pounders) on the quarter deck that were not now silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action.

The purser, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterwards played three pieces of nine-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main-top, where Lieutenant Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were

exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected.

The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under-officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand on the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean, the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the first two were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shot under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and

the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the *Bon Homme Richard* had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgment, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them fast to the *Bon Homme Richard*.

My situation was really deplorable; the *Bon Homme Richard* received various shot under water from the *Alliance*; the leaks gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertained a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my

prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's mainmast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half-past ten.

This prize proved to be the British ship of war the *Serapis*, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I have yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the Britons, I mean, fire and water. The *Serapis* was attacked only by the first, but the *Bon Homme Richard* was assailed by both; there was five feet of water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches

of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished.

With respect to the situation of the *Bon Homme Richard*, the rudder was cut entirely off, the stern frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast towards the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences. The wind augmented in the night, and the next day, the 25th, it was impossible to prevent the good ship from sinking.

They did not abandon her until after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten I saw, with inex-

pressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

SPANISH BLOODHOUNDS AND ENGLISH MASTIFFS

WHEN the sun leaped up the next morning, and the tropic light flashed suddenly into the tropic day, Amyas was pacing the deck, with dishevelled hair and torn clothes, his eyes red with rage and weeping, his heart full—how can I describe it? Picture it to yourselves, you who have ever lost a brother, and you who have not, thank God that you know nothing of his agony. Full of impossible projects, he strode and staggered up and down, as the ship thrashed close-hauled through the rolling seas. He would go back and burn the villa. He would take La Guayra, and have the life of every man in it in return for his brother's. "We can do it, lads!" he shouted. "If Drake took Nombre de Dios we can take La

Guayra." And every voice shouted, "Yes."

"There are the Spanish bloodhounds on our heels, the same ships which we saw yesterday off La Guayra. Back, lads, and welcome them, if they were a dozen."

There was a murmur of applause from all around; and if any young heart sank for a moment at the prospect of fighting three ships at once, it was awed into silence by the cheer which rose from all the older men, and by Salvation Yeo's stentorian voice.

"If there were a dozen, the Lord is with us, who has said, 'One of you shall chase a thousand.' Clear away, lads, and see the glory of the Lord this day."

"Amen!" cried Cary; and the ship was kept still closer to the wind.

Amyas had revived at the sight of battle. He no longer felt his wounds, or his great sorrow; even Frank's last angel's look grew dimmer every moment as he bustled around the deck; and ere a quarter of an hour had passed, his voice cried firmly and cheerfully as of old—

"Now, my masters, let us serve God, and

then to breakfast, and after that clear for action."

Jack Brimblecombe read the daily prayers, and the prayers before a fight at sea, and his honest voice trembled, as, in the Prayer for all Conditions of Men (in spite of Amyas's despair), he added, "and especially for our dear brother Mr. Francis Leigh, perhaps captive among the idolaters"; and so they rose.

"Now, then," said Amyas, "to breakfast: A Frenchman fights best fasting, and a Dutchman drunk, an Englishman full, and a Spaniard when the devil is in him, and that's always."

"And good beef and the good cause are a match for the devil," said Cary. "Come down, captain; you must eat too."

Amyas shook his head, took the tiller from the steersman, and bade him go below and fill himself. Will Cary went down, and returned in five minutes with a plate of bread and beef, a great jack of ale, coaxed them down Amyas's throat, as a nurse does with a child, and then scuttled below again with tears hopping down his face.

Amyas stood still steering. His face was grown seven years older in the last night. A terrible set calm was on him. Woe to the man who came across him that day!

"There are three of them, you see, my masters," said he, as the crew came on deck again. "A big ship forward, and two galleys astern of her. The big ship may keep; she is a race ship, and if we can but recover the wind of her, we will see whether our height is not a match for her length. We must give her the slip, and take the galleys first."

"I thank the Lord," said Yeo, "who has given so wise a heart to so young a general; a very David and Daniel, saving his presence, lads; and if any dare not follow him, let him be as the men of Meroz and of Succoth. Amen! Silas Stavely, smite me that boy over the head, the young monkey; why is he not down at the powder-room door?"

And Yeo went about his gunnery, as one who knew how to do it, and had the most terrible mind to do it thoroughly, and the most terrible faith that it was God's work.

So all fell to; and though there was com-

paratively little to be done, the ship having been kept as far as could be in fighting order all night, yet there was "clearing of decks, lacing of nettings, making of bulwarks, fitting of waistcloths, arming of tops, tallowing of pikes, slinging of yards, doubling of sheets and tacks," enough to satisfy even the pedantical soul of Richard Hawkins himself. Amyas took charge of the poop, Cary of the forecastle, and Yeo, as gunner, of the main-deck, while Drew, as master, settled himself in the waist; and all was ready, and more than ready, before the great ship was within two miles of them.

The great ship is now within two musket-shots of the *Rose*, with the golden flag of Spain floating at her poop; and her trumpets are shouting defiance up the breeze, from a dozen brazen throats, which two or three answer lustily from the *Rose*, from whose poop flies the flag of England, and from her fore the arms of Leigh and Cary side by side, and over them the ship and bridge of the good town of Biddeford. And then Amyas calls:

"Now, silence trumpets, waits, play up! 'Fortune my foe!' and God and the Queen be with us!"

Whereon (laugh not, reader, for it was the fashion of those musical, as well as valiant days) up rose that noble old favourite of good Queen Bess, from cornet and sackbut, fife and drum; while Parson Jack, who had taken his stand with the musicians on the poop, worked away lustily at his violin, like Volker of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

"Well played, Jack; thy elbow flies like a lamb's tail," then said Amyas, forcing a jest.

"It shall fly to a better fiddle-bow presently, sir, and I have the luck——"

"Steady, helm!" said Amyas. "What is he after now?"

The Spaniard, who had been coming upon them right down the wind under a press of sail, took in his light canvas.

"He don't know what to make of our waiting for him so bold," immediately said the helmsman.

"He does, though, and means to fight us,"

cried another. "See, he is hauling up the foot of his mainsail; but he wants to keep the wind of us."

"Let him try, then," quoth Amyas. "Keep her closer still. Let no one fire till we are about. Man the starboard guns; to starboard, and wait, all small-arm men. Pass the order down to the gunner, and bid all fire high, and take the rigging."

Bang went one of the Spaniard's bow guns, and the shot went wide. Then another and another, while the men fidgeted about, looking at the priming of their muskets, and loosened their arrows in the sheaf.

"Lie down, men, and sing a psalm. When I want you, I'll call you. Closer still, if you can, helmsman, and we will try a short ship against a long one. We can sail two points nearer the wind than he."

As Amyas had calculated, the Spaniard would gladly enough have stood across the *Rose's* bows, but, knowing the English readiness, dare not for fear of being raked; so her only plan, if she did not intend to shoot past her foe down to leeward, was to put her head

close to the wind, and wait for her on the same tack.

Amyas laughed to himself. "Hold on yet awhile. More ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream. Drew, there, are your men ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" and on they went, closing fast with the Spaniard, till within a pistol-shot.

"Ready about!" and about she went like an eel, and ran upon the opposite tack right under the Spaniard's stern. The Spaniard, astounded at the quickness of the manœuvre, hesitated a moment, and then tried to get about also, as his only chance; but it was too late, and while his lumbering length was still hanging in the wind's eye, Amyas's bowsprit had all but scraped his quarter, and the *Rose* passed slowly across his stern at ten yards' distance.

"Now, then!" roared Amyas. "Fire, and with a will! Have at her, archers: have at her, muskets, all!" and in an instant a storm of bar and chain-shot, round and canister, swept the proud Don from stem to stern, while

through the white cloud of smoke the musket-balls, and the still deadlier clothyard arrows, whistled and rushed upon their venomous errand. Down went the steersman, and every soul who manned the poop. Down went the mizzen-topmast, in went the stern-windows and quarter-galleries; and as the smoke cleared away, the gorgeous painting of the *Madre Dolorosa*, with her heart full of seven swords, which, in a gilded frame, bedizened the Spanish stern, was shivered in splinters; while, most glorious of all, the golden flag of Spain, which the last moment flaunted above their heads, hung trailing in the water. The ship, her tiller shot away, and her helmsman killed, staggered helplessly a moment, and then fell up into the wind.

"Well done, men of Devon!" shouted Amyas, as cheers rent the welkin.

"She has struck," cried some, as the deafening hurrahs died away.

"Not a bit," said Amyas. "Hold on, helmsman, and leave her to patch her tackle while we settle the galleys."

On they shot merrily, and, long ere the ar-

mada could get herself to rights again, were two good miles to windward, with the galleys sweeping down fast upon them.

And two venomous-looking craft they were, as they shot through the short chopping sea upon some forty oars apiece, stretching their long sword-fish snouts over the water, as if snuffing for their prey. Behind this long snout, a strong square forecastle was crammed with soldiers, and the muzzles of cannon grinned out through port-holes, not only in the sides of the forecastle, but forward in the line of the galley's course, thus enabling her to keep up a continual fire on a ship right ahead.

The long low waist was packed full of the slaves, some five or six to each oar, and down the centre, between the two banks, the English could see the slave-drivers walking up and down a long gangway, whip in hand. A raised quarter-deck at the stern held more soldiers, the sunlight flashing merrily upon their armour and their gun-barrels; as they neared, the English could hear plainly the cracks of the whips, and the yells as of wild beasts

which answered them; the roll and rattle of the oars, and the loud "Ha!" of the slaves which accompanied every stroke, and the oaths and curses of the drivers; while a sickening musky smell, as of a pack of kennelled hounds, came down the wind from off those dens of misery. No wonder if many a young heart shuddered, as it faced, for the first time, the horrible reality of those floating hells, the cruelties whereof had rung so often in English ears, from the stories of their own countrymen, who had passed them, fought them, and now and then passed years of misery on board of them. Who knew but what there might be English among those sun-browned half-naked masses of panting wretches?

"Must we fire upon the slaves?" asked more than one, as the thought crossed him.

Amyas sighed.

"Spare them all you can, in God's name; but if they try to run us down, rake them we must, and God forgive us."

The two galleys came on abreast of each other, some forty yards apart. To outmanœuvre their oars as he had done the ship's sails,

Amyas knew was impossible. To run from them was to be caught between them and the ship. He made up his mind, as usual, to the desperate game.

"Lay her head up in the wind, helmsman, and we will wait for them."

They were now within musket-shot, and opened fire from their bow-guns; but, owing to the chopping sea, their aim was wild. Amyas, as usual, withheld his fire.

The men stood at quarters with compressed lips, not knowing what was to come next. Amyas, towering motionless on the quarter-deck, gave his orders calmly and decisively. The men saw that he trusted himself. and trusted him accordingly.

The Spaniards, seeing him wait for them, gave a shout of joy—was the Englishman mad? And the two galleys converged rapidly, intending to strike him full, one on each bow.

They were within forty yards—another minute, and the shock would come. The Englishman's helm went up, his yards creaked

round, and gathering way, he plunged upon the larboard galley.

"A dozen gold nobles to him who brings down the steersman!" shouted Cary, who had his cue.

And a fight of arrows from the forecastle rattled upon the galley's quarter-deck.

Hit or not hit, the steersman lost his nerve, and shrank from the coming shock. The galley's helm went up to port, and her beak slid all but harmless along Amyas's bow; a long dull grind, and then loud crack on crack, as the *Rose* sawed slowly through bank of oars from stem to stern, hurling the wretched slaves in heaps upon each other; and ere her mate on the other side could swing around, to strike him in his new position, Amyas's whole broadside, great and small, had been poured into her at pistol-shot, and was answered by a yell which rent their ears and hearts.

"Spare the slaves! Fire at the soldiers!" cried Amyas; but the work was too hot for much discrimination; for the larboard galley, crippled but not undaunted, swung round

across his stern, and hooked herself venomously on to him.

It was a move more brave than wise; for it prevented the other galley from returning to the attack without exposing herself a second time to the English broadside; and a desperate attempt of the Spaniards to board at once through the stern-ports and up the quarter was met with such a demurrer of shot and steel, that they found themselves in three minutes again upon the galley's poop, accompanied, to their intense disgust, by Amyas Leigh and twenty English swords.

Five minutes' hard cutting, hand to hand, and the poop was clear. The soldiers in the forecastle had been able to give them no assistance, open as they lay to the arrows and musketry from the *Rose's* lofty stern. Amyas rushed along the central gangway, shouting in Spanish, "Freedom to the slaves! death to the masters!" clambered into the forecastle, followed close by his swarm of wasps, and set them so good an example how to use their stings, that in three minutes more, there was

not a Spaniard on board who was not dead or dying.

"Let the slaves free!" shouted he. "Throw us a hammer down, men. Hark! there's an English voice!"

There is, indeed. From amid the wreck of broken oars and writhing limbs, a voice is shrieking in broadest Devon to the master, who is looking over the side.

"O Robert Drew! Robert Drew! Come down and take me out of hell!"

"Who be you, in the name of the Lord?"

"Don't you mind William Prust, that Captain Hawkins left behind in the Honduras, years and years ago? There's nine of us aboard, if your shot hasn't put them out of their misery. Come down, if you've a Christian heart, come down!"

Utterly forgetful of all discipline, Drew leaps down, hammer in hand, and the two old comrades rush into each other's arms.

Why make a long story of what took but five minutes? The nine men (luckily none of them wounded) were freed, and helped on board, to be hugged and kissed by old com-

rades and young kinsmen; while the remaining slaves, furnished with a couple of hammers, are told to free themselves and help the English. The wretches answer by shouts; and Amyas, once more safe on board again, dashed after the other galley, which has been hovering out of reach of his guns: but there is no need to trouble himself about her; sickened with what she has got, she is struggling right up wind, leaning over to one side, and seemingly ready to sink.

"Are there any English on board of her?" asked Amyas, loth to lose the chance of freeing a countryman.

"Never a one, sir, thank God."

So they set to work to repair damages; while the liberated slaves, having shifted some of the galley's oars, pulled away after their comrade; and that with such a will that in ten minutes they have caught her up, and, careless of the Spaniard's fire, boarded her *en masse*, with yells as of a thousand wolves. There will be fearful vengeance taken on those tyrants, unless they play the man this day.

She was a long flush-decked ship of full

five hundred tons, more than double the size, in fact, of the *Rose*, not so lofty in proportion; and many a bold heart beat loud, and no shame to them, as she began firing away merrily, determined, as all well knew, to wipe out in English blood the disgrace of her late foil.

"Never mind, my merry masters," said Amyas, "she has quantity and we quality."

"That's true," said one, "for one honest man is worth two rogues."

"And one culverin three of their footy little ordnance," said another. "So when you will, Captain, and have at her."

"Let her come abreast of us, and don't burn powder. We have the wind, and can do what we like with her. Serve the men out a horn of ale all round, steward, and take your time."

So they waited for five minutes more, and then set to work quietly, after the fashion of English mastiffs, though, like those mastiffs, they waxed right mad before three rounds were fired, and the white splinters (sight beloved) began to crackle and fly.

Amyas, having, as he had said, the wind,

and being able to go nearer it than the Spaniard, kept his place at easy point-blank range for his two eighteen-pounder culverins, which Yeo and his mate worked with terrible effect.

"We are hacking her through and through every shot," said he. "Leave the small ordnance alone yet a while, and we shall sink her without them."

"Whing, whing," went the Spaniard's shot, like so many humming-tops, through the rigging far above their heads; for the ill-constructed ports of those days prevented the guns from hulling an enemy who was to windward, unless close alongside.

"Blow, jolly breeze," cried one, "and lay the Don over all thou canst. What the murrain is gone, aloft there?"

Alas! a crack, a flap, a rattle; and blank dismay! An unlucky shot had cut the foremast (already wounded) in *two*, and all forward was a mass of dangling wreck.

"Forward, and cut away the wreck!" said Amyas, unmoved. "Small-arm men, be ready. He will be aboard of us in five minutes!"

It was too true. The *Rose*, unmanageable from the loss of her head-sail, lay at the mercy of the Spaniards; and the archers and musqueteers had hardly time to range themselves to leeward, when the *Madre Dolorosa's* chains were grinding against the *Rose's*, and grapples tossed on board from stem to stern.

"Don't cut them loose!" roared Amyas. "Let them stay and see the fun! Now, dogs of Devon, show your teeth, and hurrah for God and the Queen!"

And then began a fight most fierce and fell; the Spaniards, according to their fashion, attempting to board; the English, amid fierce shouts of "God and the Queen!" "God and St. George for England!" sweeping them back by showers of arrows and musket-balls, thrusting them down with pikes, hurling grenades and stinkpots from the tops; while the swivels on both sides poured their grape, and bar, and chain, and the great main-deck guns, thundering muzzle to muzzle, made both ships quiver and recoil, as they smashed the shot through and through each other.

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So they roared and flashed, fast clenched to each other in that devil's wedlock, under a cloud of smoke beneath the cloudless tropic sky; while all around the dolphins gambolled, and the flying-fish shot on from swell to swell, and the rainbow-hued jellies opened and shut their cups of living crystal to the sun, as merrily as if man had never fallen, and hell had never broken loose on earth.

So it raged on for an hour or more, till all arms were weary, and all tongues clove to the mouth. And sick men, rotting with scurvy, scrambled up on deck, and fought with the strength of madness; and tiny powder-boys, handing up cartridges from the hold, laughed and cheered as the shots ran past their ears; and old Salvation Yeo, a text upon his lips, and fury in his heart as of Joshua or Elijah in old time, worked on, calm and grim, but with the energy of a boy at play. And now and then an opening in the smoke showed the Spanish captain, in his suit of black steel armour, standing cool and proud, guiding and pointing, careless of the iron hail, but too lofty a gentleman to soil his glove with aught but a

knightly sword-hilt; while Amyas and Will, after the fashion of the English gentlemen, had stripped themselves nearly as bare as their own sailors, and were cheering, thrusting, hewing, and hauling, here, there, and everywhere, like any common mariner, and filling them with a spirit of self-respect, fellow-feeling, and personal daring, which the discipline of the Spaniards, more perfect mechanically, but cold and tyrannous, and crushing spiritually, never could bestow. The black-plumed Señor was obeyed; but the golden-locked Amyas was followed; and would have been followed through the jaws of hell.

The Spaniards, ere five minutes had passed, poured *en masse* into the *Rose's* waist; but only to their destruction. Between the poop and forecastle (as was then the fashion), the upper-deck beams were left open and unplanked, with the exception of a narrow gangway on either side; and off that fatal ledge the boarders, thrust on by those behind, fell headlong between the beams to the main-deck below, to be slaughtered helpless in that pit of destruction by the double fire from the

bulkheads fore and aft; while the few who kept their footing on the gangway, after vain attempts to force the stockades on poop and forecastle, leaped overboard again amid a shower of shot and arrows. The fire of the English was as steady as it was quick; and though three-fourths of the crew had never smelt powder before, they proved well the truth of the old chronicler's saying (since proved again more gloriously than ever, at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman), that "the English never fight better than in their first battle."

Thrice the Spaniards clambered on board; and thrice surged back before that deadly hail. The decks on both sides were very shambles; and Jack Brimblecombe, who had fought as long as his conscience would allow him, found, when he turned to a more clerical occupation, enough to do in carrying poor wretches to the surgeon, without giving that spiritual consolation which he longed to give, and they to receive. At last there was a lull in that wild storm. No shot was heard from the Spaniard's upper deck.

Amyas leaped into the mizzen rigging, and looked through the smoke. Dead men he could descry through the blinding veil, rolled in heaps, laid flat; dead men and dying; but no man upon his feet. The last volley had swept the deck clear; one by one had dropped below to escape that fiery shower; and alone at the helm, grinding his teeth with rage, his mustachios curling up to his very eyes, stood the Spanish captain.

Now was the moment for a counter-stroke. Amyas shouted for the boarders, and in two minutes more he was over the side, and clutching at the Spaniard's mizzen rigging.

What was this? The distance between him and the enemy's side was widening. Was she sheering off. Yes—and rising too, growing bodily higher every moment, as if by magic. Amyas looked up in astonishment, and saw what it was. The Spaniard was heeling fast over to leeward away from him. Her masts all sloping forward, swifter and swifter—the end was come, then!

“Back! in God's name back, men! She is sinking by the head!” And with much ado

some were dragged back, some leaped back—all but old Michael Heard.

With hair and beard floating in the wind, the bronzed naked figure, like some weird old Indian fakir, still climbed on steadfastly up the mizzen chains of the Spaniard, hatchet in hand.

"Come back, Michael! Leap while you may!" shouted a dozen voices. Michael turned—

"And what should I come back for, then, to go home where no one knoweth me? I'll die like an Englishman this day, or I'll know the reason why!" and turning, he sprang in over the bulwarks, as the huge ship rolled up more and more, like a dying whale, exposing all her long black bulk almost down to the keel, and one of her lower-deck guns, as if in defiance, exploded upright into the air, hurling the ball to the very heavens.

In an instant it was answered from the *Rose* by a column of smoke, and the eighteen-pound ball crashed through the bottom of the defenceless Spaniard.

"Who fired? Shame to fire on a sinking ship!"

"Gunner Yeo, sir," shouted a voice up from the main-deck. "He's like a madman down here."

"Tell him if he fires again, I'll put him in irons, if he were my own brother. Cut away the grapples aloft, men. Don't you see how she drags us over? Cut away, or we shall sink with her."

They cut away, and the *Rose*, released from the strain, shook her feathers on the wave-crest like a freed seagull, while all men held their breaths.

Suddenly the glorious creature righted herself, and rose again, as if in noble shame, for one last struggle with her doom. Her bows were deep in the water, but her after-deck still dry. Righted: but only for a moment, long enough to let her crew come pouring wildly up on deck, with cries and prayers, and rush aft to the poop, where, under the flag of Spain, stood the captain, his left hand on the standard-staff, his sword pointed in his right.

"Back, men!" they heard him cry, "and die like valiant mariners."

Some of them ran to the bulwarks and shouted "Mercy! We surrender!" and the English broke into a cheer, and called to them to run her alongside.

"Silence!" shouted Amyas. "I take no surrender from mutineers. Señor," cried he to the captain, springing into the rigging and taking off his hat, "for the love of God and these men, strike! and surrender a *buena guerra*."

The Spaniard lifted his hat and bowed courteously, and answered, "Impossible, Señor. No *guerra* is good which stains my honour."

"God have mercy on you, then!"

"Amen!" said the Spaniard, crossing himself.

She gave one awful lunge forward, and dived under the coming swell, hurling her crew into the eddies. Nothing but the point of her poop remained, and there stood the stern and steadfast Don, cap-a-pie in his glistening black armour, immovable as a man of

iron, while over him the flag, which claimed the empire of both worlds, flaunted its gold aloft and upwards in the glare of the tropic noon.

"He shall not carry that flag to the devil with him; I will have it yet, if I die for it!" said Will Cary, and rushed to the side to leap overboard, but Amyas stopped him.

"Let him die as he has lived, with honour."

A wild figure sprang out of the mass of sailors who struggled and shrieked amid the foam, and rushed upward at the Spaniard. It was Michael Heard. The Don, who stood above him, plunged his sword into the old man's body; but the hatchet gleamed, nevertheless; down went the blade through head-piece and head; and as Heard sprang onward, bleeding, but alive, the steel-clad corpse rattled down the deck into the surge. Two more strokes, struck with fury of a dying man, and the standard-staff was hewn through. Old Michael collected all his strength, hurled the flag far from the sinking ship, and then stood erect one moment, and shouted, "God save

Queen Bess!" and the English answered with a "Hurrah!" which rent the welkin.

Another moment, and the gulf had swallowed his victim, and the poop, and him; and nothing remained of the *Madre Dolorosa* but a few floating spars and struggling wretches, while a great awe fell upon all men, and a solemn silence, broken only by the cry:

"Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

And then, suddenly collecting themselves, as men awakened from a dream, half-a-dozen desperate gallants, reckless of sharks and eddies, leaped overboard, swam towards the flag, and towed it alongside in triumph.

CAPTURING A MALAYAN PIRATE

CAPTAIN AMES, of the American gunboat *Annapolis*, had orders to capture a notorious Malay pirate who had been preying upon many of the small vessels which were in the carrying trade, and running out of Manila Bay.

There was good reason to believe that the object of their search was hiding among the many islands off the south-eastern coast of Luzon, and at length, through one of the natives, the captain received information as to the place where the pirate was concealed.

The water was too shallow for the gunboat in the channel through which it was necessary to go in order to make the capture, so when it was dark three boats were lowered and manned.

The first boat was commanded by Lieutenant Granger, and the other two were in charge of Ensigns Archer and James. With muffled oars they pulled noiselessly along until they reached the entrance to the channel, up which they pulled until they reached a sort of sheltered bay. Here the lieutenant decided to go ashore, and spy out the land. Taking three men with him, he led the way into the darkness.

In about an hour the four returned, having located the pirate's hiding place.

Telling the men to see that their cutlasses and revolvers were ready for instant use, and impressing upon all the need for silence, the lieutenant's boat led the way out of the little bay, and they continued their journey up the channel.

Moving along quietly, they came to a high, rocky point. Here the lieutenant signalled the boats to stop, for the pirate proa was laying, snugly hidden in a cove, just round the point. He gave his orders; the three boats were to continue in their present order; the men in the first were to board the vessel at the

bow, the second amidship, and the third at the stern. He thought it probable that no watch would be kept, as the robbers undoubtedly considered themselves to be quite safely hidden, so the chances were that the surprise would be complete.

As the lieutenant had surmised, no vigil was kept on the proa. Noiselessly the three boats reached their appointed stations, and, at a given signal, all three crews proceeded to board the ship.

Most of the pirates were asleep, but the slight noise the sailors made in boarding attracted the attention of those who were not, and these at once awoke their mates. But they were too late to make any determined stand against the sudden rush of the jackies. They were brave enough, but the odds were against them. The struggle was short, and after one was killed and several wounded, they were overcome and disarmed.

The proa was taken round the point and into the channel. The unwounded pirates were bound, and then the American sailors (with the exception of Lieutenant Granger,

who, with a crew of five men, remained in charge of the prize) returned to their boats, and soon all were on their way to the open sea.

The last few hours had been full of excitement, and now that this was over, those on the proa, not having to row as their mates in the three boats had to, began to feel more keenly the loss of a night's sleep. They had passed through the channel, and were now in the open sea. The lieutenant was seated in a comfortable deck chair, and near him was the pirate chief, seemingly securely bound.

He must have been dozing, when suddenly the sound of a splash aroused him. He jumped up, and at once saw what had happened. The pirate had managed to loosen his bonds, and had jumped overboard with the intention of swimming ashore.

At a little distance off the lieutenant saw a round object moving in the water; he gave a loud shout to draw the attention of those in the boats, which were a little behind the proa, and in an instant had sprung into the water in chase of the man.

He would not have chosen this particular

place for a swim, because the sea here is infested with sharks. But he felt that he was responsible for his prisoner, and blamed himself for falling asleep. The Malay was a strong swimmer, as are most of his race, but the lieutenant was more than his match, and soon he began to overhaul the pirate.

The man looked around and saw that his pursuer was only five or six yards behind. He pretended to yield, and Granger darted towards him. Suddenly he dived, and only just in time, for the treacherous pirate held in his hand a deadly kriss, which he was about to plunge into the lieutenant's body.

Coming up on the other side of him, Granger managed to wind one arm around the Malay's legs, and with the other he grasped the hand which held the knife. He exerted his utmost strength in endeavouring to keep the pirate from changing the weapon to the other hand, and the struggle was rapidly exhausting both men.

It took only a few minutes for this to happen, but to the two men struggling in the water hours seemed to pass. With a final

effort, the lieutenant twisted the Malay's arm so that the kriss fell from his hand and sank to the bottom of the sea.

Consciousness was fast leaving him, when he felt a grasp upon his shoulder, and soon he was being lifted into one of the boats, which arrived only just in time to save the lives of both.

They reached the gunboat in due course, and Lieutenant Granger made his report and turned the prisoners over to Captain Ames, who at once proceeded to Manila, and delivered them into the hands of the authorities.

THE FIRST DUTCH ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

AS there are no coal, iron or gold mines in Holland, the people have to depend for their living chiefly by trading with foreign countries.

In the sixteenth century, and particularly during the latter part, Spain made it very difficult for the Dutch sailors to bring any cargoes to their home ports. The Spanish King gave orders to the captains of his ships to seize vessels of the Dutch whenever they might be found, and to throw the sailors overboard.

The Hollanders were naturally a sea-faring people, and their ships sailed all over the world, bringing coffee, spices, silk, ivory, timber, and many other things to Amsterdam,

where they were sold to the English, French, German and Russian merchants who came to buy them.

The Dutch were very cruelly treated by Spain, and they began to despair; it did seem as though they would be ruined. The things in which they traded had to be brought from far away countries, from Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, America and Africa, but the great Spanish galleons were always on the lookout for their ships. which they captured whenever possible.

One day Jacob van Heemskerck, the son of a well-known merchant of Amsterdam, was looking at a map of the world, when it suddenly struck him that there was a large sea above Norway where no ship had yet been, and through which China and America might be reached. If this could be done, there need be no fear of Spanish galleons.

He spoke with other men, and all agreed that this sea must go somewhere, and that if the earth were round, and one sailed far enough, he must come out at the other side, and reach China or America.

The result was that on the 2nd of July, 1595, a fleet of seven small ships set sail from Texel, bound for the unknown northern sea. The commander of the expedition was a brave and experienced sailor named William Barends, and with him was Jacob van Heemskerck, who represented the merchants of Amsterdam.

On August 19th they reached the Straits of Waygatz, where they went on shore. Fortunately one of the crew could speak the language of the natives (the Samoyedes), who told him how, if they sailed far enough, they could get from a cold sea into a warm one, where they would find a new land.

This information elated Barends and van Heemskerck, and they returned to the ships in high spirits. But soon what a disappointment came to them! The sea became full of great blocks of ice, and although they tried to follow the direction given by the Samoyedes, it was found impossible to make any progress.

Being close to an island, several of the sailors obtained permission to go ashore to gather

some crystals which they saw in the crevices of the rocks. Suddenly one of the men gave a terrific yell. He had gone ahead of his companions, and right in front of him was a huge polar bear.

Shaking with fright, he ran back to the others, the bear following him. They all rushed to the boat, and some seized the oars, others axes, muskets, boat-hooks, or whatever would serve as weapons. After a combat lasting nearly an hour, they managed to kill the monster, which they skinned.

The ice continued to gather, and to add to their danger it became very stormy and foggy. They could not go on, and so were finally forced to return, arriving at Amsterdam about the end of October, bringing with them as the result of their expedition, only a bear-skin and a few crystals.

But van Heemskerk and Barends were not to be conquered by one failure; they resolved to make another effort. In this they met with little encouragement; the government refused to support them, and the merchants feared that what money they might contribute

toward the enterprise would be lost. But Heemskerk persevered, and at last the government consented to give valuable privileges and a considerable sum of money to the owners of such ships as could find a way through the northern sea.

Thus encouraged, several Amsterdam merchants fitted out two small ships, and gave Heemskerk and William Barends the joint command. It was a difficult matter to obtain crews, but they finally succeeded in securing a splendid lot of brave and hardy men, used to the sea.

The two ships left Amsterdam May 10th, 1596, and for three weeks nothing unusual happened. On the night of June 1st, Heemskerk, who was asleep in his cabin, was awakened by one of the men on watch.

"What is the matter?" asked Heemskerk.

"There is something wrong with the sun, sir," replied the man. "It is long past midnight, and it hasn't gone down yet."

The captain hastened to the deck, and sure enough, the sun was still above the horizon.

It was six weeks from that time before they had an hour's darkness.

The men began to think they were in a region of enchantment, especially when, after a slight snow storm, they saw three suns and several gorgeous rainbows. Heemskerk had read about the aurora borealis, and this he explained to them.

It was daily growing colder, and the sea was covered with ice. This the two captains had expected, and knew that they faced a hard fight. The farther north they went the more compact became the ice, until with the beginning of August they encountered icebergs which were like mountains.

By the end of the month they were frozen in solidly. Whichever way they looked, nothing but ice could be seen. It seemed that the ships could not stand the strain, so great was the pressure, so the men loaded the boats with provisions, and put them on the firm ice. There was now no hope of moving, so a hut was built on the hard mass, and in this they prepared to pass the winter.

As there were polar bears prowling about,

a constant watch had to be kept, and during the night a fire was maintained. Fortunately it was possible to reach land across the ice, and a considerable amount of timber was transported to the ships by means of rude sleds.

The days began to grow shorter and the nights longer, and as the amount of oil they had was limited, Heemskerk saw a way in which the bears might be of great benefit to them. He had the men go out in parties to hunt the animals, a number of which were killed, some of them after very exciting combats.

He showed the men how to preserve the bear's grease, so that it could be used for the oil lamps, and the hides were useful as added clothing to protect them against the cold, which was becoming more and more intense.

Early in November the sun disappeared altogether, and for nearly three months the only light they had was from the lamps, so the precaution taken to add to their stock of oil was a very wise one.

Life under these conditions was very monotonous, so Heemskerk and Barends, know-

ing how necessary it was to keep the men occupied, were continually inventing things for them to do. They hunted, raced, wrestled, made traps, boxed, mended clothes, sawed wood—anything to keep them busy and out of mischief.

Every morning a chapter from the Bible was read, and at night they took turns in telling stories. And so the time passed, slowly and monotonously enough. One morning, after eleven weeks of darkness, they were overjoyed by the sight of the sun peeping above the horizon. They danced, sang, and hugged each other, and felt as though new life had come to them. But their troubles were not yet over, for another three months passed before the sun became warm enough to melt the ice sufficiently for the ship to move. (They now had only one ship, the other having been used, piece by piece, for firewood.)

Gradually they prepared for the return journey. The boats were dug out of the ice, and a way had to be cut from the ship to clear water. By the middle of June, after a great

deal of hard labor, they set sail for home.

On the 29th of October they reached Amsterdam, where almost the entire population turned out to welcome those who had been thought to have perished in the frozen North.

The fame of these brave men spread throughout the whole of Europe, for all were astonished that so small a company should have travelled where no human being had been before, and have lived through such hardships as these men had endured.

Jacob van Heemskerk afterwards served his country on the water, and became one of the most famous sea-captains of the Dutch republic.

THE BURNING OF THE *PHILADELPHIA*

THE frigate *Philadelphia*, one of the finest ships in the navy of the United States, lay under the guns of the castle in the harbor of Tripoli, the stronghold of the Barbary pirates. Captain Bainbridge was in command when she unfortunately ran upon a reef just outside the entrance to the harbor.

The *Philadelphia* was on blockade duty outside the harbor when so furious a gale sprung up that the gallant ship was driven before it, and some days elapsed before she could return to her post.

It was the morning of October 31st, 1803, when the *Philadelphia* was again at her station. A vessel was sighted, stealing into port, and immediately Bainbridge gave chase. The corsairs were familiar with these waters, and

stood close into the shore, which was studded with reefs. The pirates led the way to shoal water, not heeding the shots which soon came from the frigate's guns.

The lead showed eight fathoms, then seven, then six and a half was reported. It was too dangerous to continue, and the helm was thrown hard over, but too late. With a terrific shock, the frigate struck a rock. She was fast on the reef, and efforts to get her off were useless.

To lighten the ship most of the guns were thrown overboard, but to no purpose. She was now practically helpless. Her plight was clearly seen from the shore, from which came an overwhelming flotilla of small pirate ships, which opened fire at the wrecked frigate.

With the few guns which were left the Americans replied, but owing to the position of the ship, which keeled over with the ebbing tide, it was merely a waste of powder and shot. They were helpless, and recognizing this Captain Bainbridge ordered the ship to be scuttled, and the magazine flooded. But even

the efforts to sink her were futile, so fast was she on the reef.

The Tripolitans had a wholesome awe of American prowess, and it was not until darkness had fallen that the pirate boarded the frigate, whose officers and crew were forced to surrender. For more than a year and a half they were kept in prison by the Bashaw of Tripoli.

Within a few days the *Philadelphia* was repaired, hauled off the reef, and taken into the harbor. The guns which had been thrown overboard were recovered.

The American fleet, under Commodore Preble, was at Syracuse. News of the capture of the *Philadelphia* was the signal for the laying of plans to either recapture or destroy the ship, and thus deprive the corsairs of so valuable an addition to their navy.

Among the officers under Preble was Stephen Decatur, the youthful captain of the *Enterprise*, a schooner mounting twelve guns. His father had been the first commander of the *Philadelphia*, and he eagerly sought the

honor of being in charge of the expedition to destroy the frigate (for the commander had decided upon this rather than to attempt its cutting-out).

Decatur at this time was not yet twenty-five years of age, but he came of a fighting family, and his rise in the navy of the United States had been rapid. The anticipated expedition appealed to his adventurous spirit, and he was the first officer to ask the Commodore for permission to make the attempt.

At his request Preble smiled grimly, but he was evidently impressed by Decatur's enthusiasm, and promised that as he had been the first to speak, he should have the first consideration for the command.

Early in December Decatur captured a Tripolitan ketch, and thinking it would be of great service in the contemplated expedition to destroy the *Philadelphia*, he put a prize crew aboard, and sent it back to the fleet's base at Syracuse. The ketch was of a build and rig common to these parts, and it seemed to him that such a vessel could enter the harbor without attracting undue attention.

Before attempting the destruction of the frigate, Commodore Preble determined upon making a demonstration in force. He therefore ordered the fleet to proceed to Tripoli, and bombarded the town as a token of what would follow later. They had no ships small enough to navigate the rocky channel leading to the harbor, and were too far off to do much damage, but the Bashaw saw enough of the American fleet to know it would not be many months before a decisive attack upon his stronghold would be made.

Captain Bainbridge and the other prisoners heard the firing of the guns with joy. They knew that it was only a demonstration, but it brought hope for the future to them. They were imprisoned in the castle which overlooked the harbor, and every day they saw at anchor, flying the hated flag of Tripoli, their old ship *Philadelphia*, and under the circumstances it was anything but a pleasant sight to them.

After the bombardment the fleet returned to Syracuse, and there Decatur's plan for going boldly into the harbor with the ketch and

blowing up the *Philadelphia* was debated. The commodore gave his approval, and preparations for the hazardous undertaking were made.

It was decided that the expedition should start early in February, and there was much excitement among the officers and men of the fleet as to who should have the honor of being selected. On February 9th, 1804, a picked crew of sixty-two men and thirteen officers were put aboard the ketch, which was disguised as a fruit-carrying Maltese vessel, and accompanied by the brig *Siren*, under the command of Lieutenant Stewart (which was to lie off the harbor in case the fugitives should have to make their escape in boats), the two ships set sail for Tripoli.

They were blown about by a furious gale, and it was not until the 16th of the month that the waves calmed sufficiently for the ketch to enter the harbor. Seven volunteers were transferred from the *Siren* to the ketch, and when darkness had fallen, after examining the combustibles to see that they were in perfect order, and giving implicit directions to of-

ficers and men, Decatur gave the order to enter the harbor.

With the exception of six men, who were disguised as Moors, all on board the ketch were hidden behind the bulwarks, or down below. As they drew near the *Philadelphia*, the crew were seen to be on the alert, and through all the port-holes lights were visible. Soon they were hailed by a sentinel, who was told that the ketch had lost her anchors, and they wished to make fast to the *Philadelphia* until they could procure more.

The ketch purposely had run afoul of the frigate's bowsprit, and while the sentinel's attention was being engaged by the supposed pilot, some of the sailors, in charge of Midshipman Lawrence, lowered a boat, and quietly fastened a hawser to a ring-bolt on the *Philadelphia's* bow.

The pilot then asked for another cable from the frigate, saying that their best ones had been lost with the anchors, and they wished to make the ketch secure in case the wind should rise during the night. This was given them, and made secure.

Unfortunately, just at this time the ketch turned broadside on, and by the light of the moon some of the Tripolitans saw the men lying under the bulwarks, and also the anchors and cables on the deck. The alarm was given, and the ropes were ordered to be cut.

Quick action was now necessary. Decatur called for boarders, and soon the American sailors were clambering over the frigate's rail and through the open port-holes.

The surprise was complete, and in less than a quarter of an hour those of the Tripolitans who were not killed or wounded were driven overboard.

Rapidly powder and combustibles were transferred from the ketch to the frigate, and distributed throughout the ship from hold to upper deck. The men had previously been divided into gangs, and definite orders given them, so that the work was quickly done. Decatur gave the order to fire the ship, and soon tongues of flame were darting here and there. So expeditiously was this carried out, that the men had scarcely time to reach the

ketch before being cut off by the fire which had already caught the rigging. The last man to leave the flaming ship was Decatur, who waited to see that the work of destruction was complete.

But they were in great danger, for the ketch was still held by the line at the stern, where some ammunition was stored. Just in time this line was severed; a moment longer, and the ketch itself would have been blown up.

And now the batteries on shore were working, shots from the guns falling into the water all around them, but fortunately hitting none of them. The Americans gave three rousing cheers as they left the burning ship.

It was a grand spectacle. The flames lit up the whole harbor, and the cannons from the forts were answered by those of the frigate, which were discharged through the intense heat. The magazine was reached by the fire, and with a tremendous roar the stately *Philadelphia* burst into thousands of fragments.

Thus was a bold and daring expedition successfully carried out. Not an American sailor

was lost, and only one was wounded, and that by a slight cut behind the ear. From the boarding of the frigate to the firing of the ship only twenty-five minutes elapsed. As a reward for the carrying out of the enterprise, Congress voted Decatur a sword, and to each of the men was given two months' extra pay.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAEL- STROM

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

“Not long ago,” said he at length, “and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man,—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of,—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man, but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you

know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge,—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky, while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you

might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned, and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him,—"we are now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy—so—and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the

more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another, of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross dashing of water in every direction,—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Iflesen, Hoeyholm, Keildholm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Skarholm. These are the true names of the places; but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward.

Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed,—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway.

Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion,—heaving, boiling, hissing,—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks at length, spreading out to a great distance and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of an-

other more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man,—
"this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-strom, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene,—or of the wild, bewildering sense of *the novel*, which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

“Between Lofoden and Moskoe,” he says, “the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, toward Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a bois-

terous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off; and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth that, if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquility are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then, it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught

by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea, it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-strom must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest

crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Faroe islands, “have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently

known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part,—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-strom."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

“Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons’ burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

“We kept the smack in a cove about five

miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice in fine weather to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-strom, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming,—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return,—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice during six years we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that at length we fouled our

anchor and dragged it) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross-currents—that are here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

“I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered ‘on the ground,’—it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather,—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-strom itself without accident, although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing; but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger, for after all is said

and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, P. M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven *by my watch* when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our star-board quarter, and for some time spanked

along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual,—something that had never happened to us before,—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

“In the meantime, the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

“Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly

to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had cleverly let our sails go by the run before it took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off,—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

“Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this,—which was un-

doubtedly the very best thing I could have done,—for I was too much flurried to think.

“For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word ‘*Moskoe-strom!*’

“No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot, as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough,—I knew what he wished

to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that, in crossing the Strom *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack,—there is some little hope in that,'—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky,—as

clear as I ever saw, and of a deep, bright blue,—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

“I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner in which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say *listen!*

“At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

“When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep-laden, the waves in a

strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her,—which appears very strange to a landsmen,—and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

“Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around,—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more like the every-day Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek,—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf which always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more

composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

“It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth,—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God’s power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man’s mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances, just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careened round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small,

empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it,—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all, so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel,—only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them,—while I expected instant destruction, and I wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds, which I have already de-

scribed, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel,—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account

of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

“Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept,—not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

“Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels,

large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch with a strange interest the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious; for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected

me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewn the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way,—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters,—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*,—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more

early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other of *any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder swimming in a vortex offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance

which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel; while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate,

fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale,—as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say,—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gy-

rations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had

changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP”

IN Trinity churchyard, New York, there is a monument which is of especial interest to all Americans, for beneath it lie the remains of a brave naval officer, Captain James Lawrence, who was mortally wounded in one of the most desperate sea-fights of the war of 1812—that between two frigates, the *Chesapeake*, of the United States Navy, and the British ship, *Shannon*—which took place in Boston harbor on the 1st of June, 1813.

When war was declared, Captain Lawrence commanded the *Hornet*, a sloop-of-war carrying eighteen short thirty-two and two long twelve-pounders. With this ship he won several notable victories in South American waters, and as a reward Congress voted him a gold medal (which he did not live to receive), and promoted him to the command of the frigate *Chesapeake*.

The *Chesapeake* was not popular in the navy, having achieved the reputation of being unlucky, and Lawrence would not have selected her had any choice been allowed him. When he succeeded to the command she had a mixed crew, most of them foreigners, and was, besides, considerably undermanned. It was difficult at this time to secure well-trained seamen, owing to the fact that so many were attracted by the greater inducements offered by privateersmen, and so he had much trouble in getting together a sufficient number of experienced men. But at last a crew was gathered, and arrangements were made to join the *Hornet* in a raid on British ships bound for Canada.

The port of Boston, where the *Chesapeake* lay, was at this time being blockaded by a British ship-of-the-line, and the frigate *Shannon*. The commander of the latter, Captain Broke, was anxious to try his mettle against Lawrence, of whose reputation as a fighter he was well aware. Up to this time commanders of the British navy had paid but scant attention to the adequate training of their gun

crews, and this was a defect which Captain Broke had worked hard to remedy on board his ship. He had spent much energy in drilling his men, and wished to test the result of his endeavors against a worthy adversary.

He therefore persuaded the captain of the larger ship to depart, feeling sure that Lawrence would not hesitate to leave port if the odds against him were anything like even. And in this he judged rightly. Lawrence was quite as eager as the Englishman, and he immediately accepted what he took to be a challenge.

In haste he got his men aboard, and as soon as possible sail was set. In too great haste, because his crew were for the most part unacquainted with the ship, or with their respective places. They did not know one another, and they did not know their officers. It was an act of youthful folly. Lawrence was only thirty-two years of age, brave, indeed, but reckless. It meant pitting the unprepared against the prepared.

Wishing to impart to the men some of his own ardor, Captain Lawrence told them of

the glory that would be theirs; of the joyous reception which would be given them when they returned to Boston victorious, and of the prize money they would win. To defeat he gave no thought. Thus he spoke to them as they went down the harbor, but among the crew, made up of various nationalities, there was a lack of his own enthusiasm, and a dissatisfaction which his words did not remove.

The *Chesapeake* reached the mouth of the harbor at ten minutes before six o'clock in the afternoon; the *Shannon* was ready and waiting for her, and at once the battle commenced. The *Shannon* opened hostilities, and it was soon seen that Captain Broke's efforts to teach his gunners to shoot straight had not been wasted. The sharpshooters in her tops did deadly execution, and it became almost impossible to keep a man at the wheel. Within five minutes Captain Lawrence was wounded, although not dangerously, and Mr. Ludlow, his first lieutenant, was mortally injured about the same time.

The *Chesapeake* was living up to her unenviable reputation. The upper deck was

swept almost clean of men; a quantity of ammunition was exploded, doing deadly execution; the executive officer was mortally wounded, and the ship, without a guiding hand at the wheel, drifted so that she crashed into the enemy, and was made fast by grappling irons.

Her position was critical; the ships were locked together, and Lawrence knew that their only salvation was to carry the fight to the very deck of the *Shannon*. He called for boarders, but his voice was lost amid the roar of cannon. It would, indeed, be an order impossible to carry out, because the crew of the *Chesapeake* were now doing their utmost to repel boarders from the *Shannon*.

A second time Captain Lawrence was wounded, and this time fatally. A musket ball struck him in the abdomen, and he was taken down to the cockpit.

But consciousness remained; while being carried below, he noticed a gradual slackening in the firing, and called out: "Tell the men to fire faster, and *don't give up the ship!* While I live the flag shall fly."

It was well for Captain Lawrence that he now became delirious. Captain Broke himself had led boarders to the deck of the *Chesapeake*, where for a short time the fighting was fast and furious. It was soon over, but not before Broke himself was very severely wounded in the head. Had the crew of the *Chesapeake* been composed entirely of American sailors, the result of the battle might have been different. What Americans there were fought with desperate courage, but in this time of need they were deserted by the cowardly foreigners, who fled to the hold. Their officers were nearly all killed or wounded. In less than twenty minutes from the firing of the first gun, the battle was over, and the American flag hauled down. What greater lesson than this could there be for preparedness?

But Captain Lawrence never knew that his ship had struck. In his delirium he repeated many times his last order: "*Don't give up the ship,*" an order which will never be forgotten, and which, later on, was emblazoned on the flag by Commodore Perry in the famous battle on Lake Erie.

And not for some days did Captain Broke know that he had won the victory, for he became unconscious from his wound, from which, however, he was fortunate enough to recover later.

The *Shannon* took her prize to Halifax, and there on July 5th, 1813, the hero died. His body, and that of Lieutenant Ludlow, were afterwards taken to New York, where they were buried, with due honor, in Trinity churchyard. Engraved upon the monument erected to the memory of Captain James Lawrence may be read the words, which will live forever:

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

A CONFLICT OF MONSTERS

IT has often been a matter for considerable surprise to me, that while the urban population of Great Britain is periodically agitated over the great sea-serpent question, sailors, as a class, have very little to say on the subject. During a considerable sea experience in all classes of vessels, except men-of-war, and in most positions, I have heard a fairly comprehensive catalogue of subjects brought under dog-watch discussion; but the sea-serpent had never, with my recollection, been one of them.

The reason for this abstinence may vary a great deal, but chief among them is—sailors, as a class, “don’t believe in no such pusson.” More than that, they do believe that the mythical sea-serpent is “boombed” at certain periods, in the lack of other subjects, which

may not be far from the fact. But there is also another reason, involving a disagreeable, although strictly accurate statement. Sailors are, again taken as a class, the least observant of men. They will talk by the hour of trivialities about which they know nothing; they will spin interminable "cuffers" of debaucheries ashore all over the world; pick to pieces the reputation of all the officers with whom they have ever sailed; but of the glories, marvels, and mysteries of the mighty deep you will hear not a word. I can never forget when on my first voyage, to the West Indies, at the age of twelve, I was one night smitten with awe and wonder at the sight of a vast halo round the moon, some thirty or forty degrees in diameter. Turning to the man at the wheel, I asked him earnestly "*what that was.*" He looked up with an uninterested eye for an instant in the direction of my finger, then listlessly informed me, "That's what they call a *sarcle.*" For a long time I wondered what he could mean, but it gradually dawned upon me that it was his Norfolk pronunciation of the word circle. The definition was

a typical one, no worse than would be given by the great majority of seamen of most of the natural phenomena they witness daily. Very few seamen could distinguish between one whale and another of a different species, or give an intelligible account of the most ordinary and often-seen denizens of the sea. Whalers are especially to be blamed for their blindness. "Eyes and no Eyes; or the Art of Seeing" has evidently been little heard of among them. To this day I can conceive of no more delightful journey for a naturalist to make than a voyage in a southern whaler, especially if he were allowed to examine at his leisure such creatures as were caught. But on board the *Cachalot* I could get no information at all upon the habits of the strange creatures we met with, except whales, and very little about them.

I have before referred to the great molluscs upon which the sperm whale feeds, portions of which I so frequently saw ejected from the stomach of dying whales. Great as my curiosity naturally was to know more of these immense organisms, all my inquiries on

the subject were fruitless. These veterans of the whale-fishery knew that the sperm whale lived on big cuttle-fish; but they neither knew, nor cared to know, anything more about these marvellous molluscs. Yet, from the earliest dawn of history, observant men have been striving to learn something definite about the marine monsters of which all old legends of the sea have something to say.

It would at first sight appear strange that, in view of the enormous traffic of steamships through the Malacca Straits, so easily "gal-lied" a creature as the cachalot should care to frequent its waters; indeed, I should certainly think that a great reduction in the numbers of whales found there must have taken place. But it must also be remembered, that in modern steam navigation certain well-defined courses are laid down, which vessels follow from point to point with hardly any deviation therefrom, and that consequently little disturbance of the sea by their panting propellers takes place, except upon these submarine pathways; as, for instance, in the Red Sea, where the examination of thousands of

log-books proved conclusively that, except upon straight lines drawn from point to point between Suez to Perim, the sea is practically unused to-day.

The few Arab dhows and loitering surveying ships hardly count in this connection, of course. At any rate, we had not entered the straits, but were cruising between Car Nicobar and Junkseylon, when we "met up" with a full-grown cachalot, as ugly a customer as one could wish. From nine a. m. till dusk the battle raged—for I have often noticed that unless you kill your whale pretty soon, he gets so wary, as well as fierce, that you stand a gaudy chance of being worn down yourselves before you settle accounts with your adversary. This affair certainly looked at one time as if such would be the case with us; but along about five p. m., to our great joy, we got him killed. The ejected food was in masses of enormous size, larger than any we had yet seen on the voyage, some of them being estimated to be of the size of our hatch house, viz., 8 feet by 6 feet by 6 feet. The whale having been secured alongside, all

hands were sent below, as they were worn out with the day's work. The third mate being ill, I had been invested with the questionable honour of standing his watch, on account of my sea experience and growing favour with the chief. Very bitterly did I resent the privilege at the time, I remember, being so tired and sleepy that I knew not how to keep awake. I did not imagine that anything would happen to make me prize that night's experience for the rest of my life, or I should have taken matters with a far better grace.

At about 11 p. m. I was leaning over the lee rail, gazing steadily at the bright surface of the sea, where the intense radiance of the tropical moon made a broad path like a pavement of burnished silver. Eyes that saw not, mind only confusedly conscious of my surroundings, were mine; but suddenly I started to my feet with an exclamation, and stared with all my might at the strangest sight I ever saw. There was a violent commotion in the sea right where the moon's rays were concentrated, so great that, remembering our position, I was at first inclined to alarm all

hands; for I had often heard of volcanic islands suddenly lifting their heads from the depths below, or disappearing in a moment, and, with Sumatra's chain of active volcanoes so near, I felt doubtful indeed of what was now happening. Getting the night-glasses out of the cabin scuttle, where they were always hung in readiness, I focussed them on the troubled spot, perfectly satisfied by a short examination that neither volcano nor earthquake had anything to do with what was going on; yet so vast were the forces engaged that I might well have well been excused for my first supposition. A very large sperm whale was locked in deadly conflict with a scuttlefish, or squid, almost as large as himself, whose interminable tentacles seemed to enlase the whole of his great body. The head of the whale especially seemed a perfect network of writhing arms—naturally, I suppose, for it appeared as if the whale had the tail part of the mollusc in his jaws, and, in a business-like, methodical way, was sawing through it. By the side of the black columnar head of the whale appeared the head of a

great squid, as awful an object as one could well imagine even in a fevered dream. Judging as carefully as possible, I estimated it to be at least as large as one of our pipes, which contained three hundred and fifty gallons; but it may have been, and probably was, a good deal larger. The eyes were very remarkable from their size and blackness, which contrasted with the livid whiteness of the head, made their appearance all the more striking. They were, at least, a foot in diameter, and, seen under such conditions, looked decidedly eerie and hobgoblin-like. All around the combatants were numerous sharks, like jackals round a lion, ready to share the feast, and apparently assisting in the destruction of the huge cephalopod. So the titanic struggle went on, in perfect silence as far as we were concerned, because, even had there been any noise, our distance from the scene of conflict would not have permitted us to hear it.

Thinking that such a sight ought not to be missed by the captain, I overcame my dread of him sufficiently to call him, and tell him of what was taking place. He met my re-

marks with such a furious burst of anger at my daring to disturb him for such a cause, that I fled precipitately on deck again, having the remainder of the vision to myself, for none of the others cared sufficiently for such things to lose five minutes' sleep in witnessing them. The conflict ceased, the sea resumed its placid calm, and nothing remained to tell of the fight but a strong odor of fish, as of a bank of seaweed left by the tide in the blazing sun. Eight bells struck, and I went to a troubled sleep, wherein all the awful monsters that an over-excited brain could conjure up pursued me through the gloomy caves of ocean, or mocked my pigmy efforts to escape.

CAPTAIN KIDD

THE earlier years of Captain Kidd's life were spent in Greenock, Scotland, the town of his birth. It is not strange that he should have obeyed the call of the sea, even though his father was a Covenanting Minister, who suffered much from persecution, for he possessed a roving disposition, and in his boyhood days was much in the company of sailors. For years he sailed the sea, and became well and favorably known in New York, from which port he sailed, and where he was married. When England and France were at war he saw much privateering service, and gained such renown for his courage that in the year 1691 the city of New York presented him with £150!

In 1594, King William appointed Lord Bellomont to be governor of New York. For some years the Atlantic had been infested

with pirates, who carried on their nefarious trade from New York to the West Indies. They became so bold that they would even land at towns on the coast, and force the people to pay tribute. The governor was given instructions to use every effort to get rid of these pests.

Before this time Lord Bellomont had been governor of the Barbados, and there he had met Kidd, who was then captain of a privateer operating against the French in the West Indies. The governor must have been impressed by Captain Kidd, for he requested that he be given the command of a man-of-war, with orders to wipe out the pirates.

But the British government refused to do this, so Lord Bellomont and some of his friends formed a company, and fitted out a ship, appointing Kidd as captain, and securing a King's commission giving him authority to capture all pirates.

The prospect was not particularly inviting to Kidd, but as England and France were again at war, the governor also procured for

him from the government a commission entitling him to seize any French ships he might intercept. Kidd now accepted, and also invested a considerable amount of his own money in the enterprise.

It was known that the pirates, in their unholy profession, collected a great amount of money and merchandise, and it was in order to gather in these hoards for their own profit that the company had been formed.

The *Adventure*, a ship of 287 tons and mounting 30 guns, was purchased. With Captain Kidd in command, and a crew of eighty men, she sailed from Plymouth Sound in May, 1696, bound for New York.

Before reaching port, the *Adventure* captured several trading ships, which, as a commissioned privateer, Captain Kidd was legally entitled to do. Having arrived at New York, word was sent out to idle sailors that special inducements were offered to ship aboard the *Adventure*, and soon a crew of more than one hundred and fifty signed.

The ship sailed late in 1696, manned by a lot of rascals ready for any devility, who were

attracted by the expectation of booty. They crossed the Atlantic, bound for the Islands of Madagascar, which was known to be a pirate headquarters.

They sailed round the island, meeting with little success. Theirs had been a long voyage, with practically no profit to show, and the men were becoming restless. The ship was in need of repairs and stores, and this fact, coupled with the urging of many of his crew, caused William Kidd to change from privateer and pirate chaser to pirate, preying upon his weaker brethren of the sea.

It must be understood that he had been sent out for the profit of the syndicate he represented, and so far he had met with no success. Not a pirate had he captured, and only one French ship, from which but little was realized. He became disheartened through his ill-fortune, and needed but little persuasion to sink to the level of those he sought.

He crossed the Indian ocean and came to the coast of Malabar, where he took a small Moorish vessel. He had now committed himself definitely, and his course was clear.

He pillaged wherever opportunity offered, and the more successful he was, the more cruel he became.

After a while the *Adventure* became unseaworthy, so he transferred his guns and stores to the *Queda*, a ship he had captured. He had now collected a large amount of booty, which netted him about twenty-five thousand pounds in cash, in addition to jewels of considerable value, after dividing the spoil with the crew.

For some reason, many of his men deserted the ship, so with a crew of less than fifty he headed for America, to make a report to Lord Bellomont. When he reached the West Indies, which was in the spring of 1699, he was surprised to learn that the manner of his misdoings was widely known. He saw that it would be well for him to change the nature of these reports, and with this in mind, he made all haste to reach the governor, Lord Bellomont, who, he thought, would protect him.

He sold the *Queda* at Antigua and purchased a swift sloop, in which he sailed to

Oyster Bay, on Long Island Sound. Here he is supposed to have hidden a large part of his treasure. He then ventured to Boston, where he arrived in July, two years after he had begun his cruise in search of pirates.

When he arrived at Boston he was arrested and confined in jail. Lord Bellomont refused to set him free, or to intercede for him with the government. He was afterwards taken to London, together with six members of his crew, who had gone to Boston with him. The trial was held in the famous court room at the Old Bailey, and all of them were found guilty of piracy, and condemned to be executed. The sentence was carried out on the 23rd day of May, 1701.

There has been much speculation as to the amount of treasure Captain Kidd brought back to America with him. Doubtless, the imagination of man has greatly enlarged it, but that it was considerable there is no question. It is known that his wife and the government received at least a part of it; for the rest of his hoard many have sought, but without success.

William Kidd's career as a pirate was brief. He was a man with brilliant prospects before him, which he not only destroyed, but brought himself to a terrible end through his lust for gold.

HONEST JOHN, PILOT OF THE *JERSEY*

ONE beautiful morning in May, a good many years ago, the passenger boat *Jersey* left Buffalo, New York, bound for Erie, Pennsylvania. It was a balmy spring day, and the ship was crowded with people who were taking advantage of the fine weather.

It was late in the afternoon, and the boat was due to reach her destination in about an hour. Old John Maynard, one of the best known and most popular pilots on the lake, was at the wheel. He was a bluff old sailor, who had sailed over every known sea. A genial, kind-hearted and generous man was Honest John, as he was called.

They were about ten miles from land when a thin spiral of smoke was observed coming from below. The captain sent a sailor to see

if anything were wrong, and the man quickly returned with the news that there was a fire in the hold.

The captain hastened down, and found that the fire had made considerable headway. He at once ordered passengers and sailors to the deck, and formed them in two lines, so that the hold could be reached on either side, and soon buckets of water were being quickly passed from hand to hand. There was no fire-fighting apparatus on board, so this primitive method had to be adopted. As soon as a bucket was emptied, it was returned to those whose part it was to refill it from the lake.

The efforts to quell the fire seemed to be meeting with success. The flames were almost conquered when a gust of wind revived them, and soon the blaze was more furious than ever. The partition between the hold and the saloon caught, and in a few minutes the fire had eaten its way to the deck itself.

They were now about seven miles from land, and with a full head of steam this could be made in forty minutes. The vessel had no boats on board, there being no law then

compelling ships engaged in lake traffic to take this measure of safety for passengers and crew. Their hope lay in what speed could be made, and in the ability of the man at the wheel.

The heat became intense, and the smoke was suffocating, but John Maynard stuck to his post at the helm, and between him and the fore part of the ship was now a sheet of flame and smoke which separated him from the terrified passengers and crew, who had retreated to the bow. The fire had driven the engineers from their station below; planks to which the women and children might be lashed were pulled from the deck, and men were preparing to plunge into the water in an effort to swim to shore.

The paddles were still working, and gradually they neared the shore. Their plight had been discovered, and boats were put off to render them assistance. They were now less than two miles from land.

And what of John Maynard at the wheel? The captain called to him: "John, can you hold on for another five minutes?"

"I'll do my best, sir," replied John.

The flames were scorching, and the smoke almost suffocated him. He knew that upon him depended many human lives, and he determined to stick to his post even though he should lose his own. The very wheel he held was attacked by the flames; his right hand was burned to a cinder, but he bore the pain with fortitude, and still held on with his left. His hair was singed and his clothing burned from his body, but he held on until he heard the captain shout: "Women and children first." He held on until he heard cheers, which told him that the boats had reached the burning ship.

Then the soul of this hero fled. Truly can it be said of Honest John Maynard: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he gave up his life for others."

“CASABIANCA”

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was climbing to power in France by directing her successful arms against the world. He had beaten Germany, and conquered Italy; he had threatened England, and the dream was of the conquest of the East. Like another Alexander, he hoped to subdue Asia, and overthrow the hated British power by depriving it of India. Hitherto, his dreams had become earnest by the force of his marvellous genius, and by the ardour which he breathed into the whole French nation; and when he set sail from Toulon, with 40,000 tried and victorious soldiers and a magnificent fleet, all were filled with vague and unbounded expectations of almost fabulous glories. He swept away, as it were, the degenerate Knights of St. John from their rock of Malta, and sailed for Alexandria in Egypt in the latter end of June, 1798.

His intentions had become known, and the English Mediterranean fleet was watching the course of this great armament. Sir Horatio was in pursuit, with the English vessels, and wrote to the First Lord of the Admiralty: "Be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

Nelson had, however, not ships enough to detach any to reconnoitering, and he actually overpassed the French, whom he guessed to be on the way to Egypt; he arrived at the port of Alexandria on the 28th of June, and saw its blue waters and flat coast lying still in their sunny torpor, as if no enemy were on the seas. Back he went to Syracuse, but could learn no more there; he obtained provisions with some difficulty, and then, in great anxiety, sailed for Greece, where at last, on the 28th of July, he learned that the French fleet had been seen from Candia, steering to the southeast, about four weeks since. In fact, it had actually passed by him in a thick haze, which concealed each fleet from the other, and had arrived in port at Alexandria on the first

day of July, just three days after he had left it!

Every sail was set for the south, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of August a very different sight was seen in Aboukir Bay, so solitary a month ago. It was crowded with shipping. Great castle-like men-of-war rose with all their proud, calm dignity out of the water, their dark portholes opening in the white bands on their sides, and the tricolored flag floating as their ensign. There were thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, and, of these, three were 80-gun ships, and one, towering high above the rest, with her three decks, was *L'Orient*, of 120 guns. Look well at her, for there stands the hero for whose sake we have chosen this and no other of Nelson's glorious fights to place among the setting of our Golden Deeds. There he is, a little *cadet de vaisseau*, as the French call a midshipman, only ten years old, with a heart swelling between awe and exultation at the prospect of his first battle; but, fearless and glad, for is he not the son of the brave Casabianca, the flag-captain? And is

not this Brueys' own ship, looking down in scorn on the fourteen little English ships, not one carrying more than 74 guns, and one only 50?

Why Napoleon had kept the fleet there was never known. In his usual way of disavowing whatever turned out ill, he laid the blame upon Admiral Bruey; but, though dead men could not tell tales, his papers made it plain that the ships had remained in obedience to commands, though they had not been able to enter the harbor of Alexandria. Large rewards had been offered to any pilot who would take them in, but none could be found who would venture to steer into that port a vessel drawing more than twenty feet of water. They had, therefore, remained at anchor outside, in Aboukir Bay, drawn up in a curve along the deepest of the water, with no room to pass them at either end, so that the commissary of the fleet reported that they could bid defiance to a force more than double their number. The admiral believed that Nelson had not ventured to attack him when they had passed by one another a month be-

fore, and when the English fleet was signalled, he still supposed that it was too late in the day for an attack to be made.

Nelson had, however, no sooner learned that the French were in sight than he signalled from his ship, the *Vanguard*, that preparations for battle should be made, and in the meantime summoned his captains to receive his orders during a hurried meal. He explained that, where there was room for a large French ship to swing, there was room for a small English one to anchor, and, therefore, he designed to bring his ships up to the outer part of the French line, and station them close below their adversaries; a plan that he said Lord Hood had once designed, though he had not carried it out.

Captain Berry was delighted, and exclaimed, "If we succeed, what will the world say?"

"There is no *if* in the case," returned Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the tale is a very different question."

And when they rose and parted, he said,

"Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

In the fleet went, through a fierce storm of shot and shell from a French battery in an island in advance. Nelson's own ship, the *Vanguard*, was the first to anchor within half-pistol-shot of the third French ship, the *Spartiate*. The *Vanguard* had six colors flying, in case any should be shot away; and such was the fire that was directed on her, that in a few minutes every man at the six guns in her forepart was killed or wounded, and this happened three times. Nelson himself received a wound in the head, which was thought at first to be mortal, but which proved but slight. He would not allow the surgeon to leave the sailors to attend to him till it came to his turn.

Meantime his ships were doing their work gloriously. The *Bellerophon* was, indeed, overpowered by *L'Orient*, 200 of her crew killed, and all her masts and cables shot away, so that she drifted away as night came on; but the *Swiftsure* came up in her place, and the *Alexander* and *Leander* both poured in their shot. Admiral Brueys received three wounds,

but would not quit his post, and at length a fourth shot almost cut him in two. He desired not to be carried below, but that he might die on deck.

About nine o'clock the ship took fire, and blazed up with fearful brightness, lighting up the whole bay, and showing five French ships with their colors hauled down, the others still fighting on. Nelson himself rose and came on deck when this fearful glow came shining from sea and sky into his cabin; and gave orders that the English boats should immediately be put off for *L'Orient*, to save as many lives as possible.

The English sailors rowed up to the burning ship which they had lately been attacking. The French officers listened to the offer of safety, and called to the little favorite of the ship, the captain's son, to come with them. "No," said the boy, "he was where his father had stationed him, and bidden him not to move save at his call." They told him his father's voice would never call him again, for he lay senseless and mortally wounded on the deck, and that the ship must presently blow

up. "No," said the brave child, "he must obey his father." The moment allowed no delay—the boat put off. The flames showed all that passed in a quivering glare more intense than daylight, and the little fellow was then seen on deck, leaning over the prostrate figure, and presently tying it to one of the spars of the shivered masts.

Just then a thundering explosion shook down to the very hold every ship in the harbor, and burning fragments of *L'Orient* came falling far and wide, splashing heavily into the water, in the dead awful stillness that followed the fearful sound. English boats were plying busily about, picking up those who had leapt overboard in time. Some were dragged in through the lower port-holes of the English ships, and about seventy were saved altogether. For one moment a boat's crew had sight of a helpless figure bound to a spar, and guided by a little childish swimmer, who must have gone overboard with his precious freight just before the explosion. They rode after the brave little fellow, earnestly desiring to save him, but in darkness,

in smoke, in lurid uncertain light, amid hosts of drowning wretches, they lost sight of him again.

By sunrise the victory was complete. Nay, as Nelson said, “It was not a victory, but a conquest.” Only four French ships escaped, and Napoleon and his army were cut off from home. These are the glories of the English navy, gained by men with hearts as true and obedient as that of the brave child they had tried in vain to save. Yet still, while giving the full meed of thankful, sympathetic honor to the noble sailors, we cannot but feel that the Golden Deed of Aboukir Bay fell to—

“That young faithful heart.”

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task be done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part;
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Was that young faithful heart.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

CAPTAIN HAWK, PIRATE

PART I

THE *Susannah* was a fine brig, of about three hundred tons' burden. She had a raised poop, but no top-gallant forecastle, so the crew were berthed in the forepeak, in the very nose, as it were, of the vessel. I had engaged to serve as a boy before the mast. Indeed, perfectly unknown as I was, with slight pretensions to a knowledge of seamanship, I could not hope to obtain any other berth.

The crew were composed of about equal numbers of Americans—that is, subjects of the United States—and of Englishmen, with two blacks and a mulatto, a Spaniard, and a Portuguese. The first officer, Mr. Dobree, was a great dandy, and evidently considered himself much too good for his post; while the

second mate, Mr. Jones, was a rough and ready seaman, thoroughly up to his work.

I was welcomed by my new shipmates in the fore-peak with many rough but no unkind jokes; and as I had many stories to tell of my adventures in the backwoods, before we turned in for the night I had made myself quite at home with them.

At daybreak on the next morning all hands were roused out to weigh anchor. The second mate's voice had scarcely done sounding in my ear before I was on deck, and with the rest running round between the capstan-bars. "Loose the top-sails," next sang out the captain. I sprung aloft to aid in executing the order. Though a young seaman may not have knowledge, he may, at all events, exhibit activity in obeying orders, and thus gain his superior's approbation. The anchor was quickly run up to the bows, the top-sails were sheeted home, and with a light breeze from the northward, we stood towards the mouth of the Mississippi.

As we passed close to the spot where, on the previous day, the *Foam* lay at anchor, I

looked for her. She was nowhere to be seen. She must have got under weigh and put to sea at night. "She's gone, Peter, you observe," remarked Captain Searle, as some piece of duty called me near him. "I am glad you are not on board her; and I hope neither you nor I may ever fall in with her again."

From New Orleans to Belize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, is about one hundred miles, and this distance, with the aid of the current and a favourable breeze, we accomplished by dusk, when we prepared once more to breast old ocean's waves. These last hundred miles of the father of rivers were very uninteresting, the banks being low, swampy, and dismal in the extreme, pregnant with ague and fevers. Although I rejoiced to be on the free ocean, I could scarcely help feeling regret at leaving, probably forever, the noble stream on whose bosom I had so long floated—on whose swelling and forest-shaded banks I had travelled so far—whom I had seen in its infancy, if an infant it may ever be considered, in its proud manhood, and now at the termination of its mighty course.

These thoughts quickly vanished, however, as I felt the lively vessel lift to the swelling wave, and smelt the salt pure breeze from off the sea. Though the sea-breeze was very reviving after the hot pestilential air of New Orleans, yet as it came directly in our teeth, our captain wished it from some other quarter. We were enabled, however, to work off the shore, and as during the night the land-breeze came pretty strong, by daybreak the next morning we were fairly at sea.

Before the sun had got us the wind had gone down, and it soon became what seamen call a flat calm. The sea, as the hot rays of the sun shone on it, was, as it were, like molten lead; the sails flapped lazily against the mast; the brig's sides, as she every now and then gave an unwilling roll, threw off with a loud splash the bright drops of water which they lapped up from the imperceptibly heaving bosom of the deep. The hot sun struck down on our heads with terrific force, while the pitch bubbled up out of the seams of the deck; and Bill Tasker, the wit of the crew, declared he could hear it squeak into the bargain. An

awning was spread over the deck in some way to shelter us, or we should have been roasted alive. Bill, to prove the excess of the heat, fried a slice of salt junk on a piece of tin, and, peppering it well, declared it was delicious. The only person who seemed not only not to suffer from the heat, but to enjoy it, was the black cook, and he, while not employed in his culinary operation, spent the best part of the day basking on the bowsprit-end.

The crew were engaged in their usual occupation of knotting yarns, making sinnit, etc., while the aforesaid Bill Tasker was instructing me—for whom he had taken a special fancy—in the mysteries of knotting and splicing; but we all of us, in spite of ourselves, went about our work in a listless, careless way, nor had the officers sufficient energy to make us more lively. Certainly it was hot. There had been no sail in sight that I know of all the day, when, as I by chance happened to cast my eyes over the bulwarks, they fell on the topsails of a schooner, just rising above the line of the horizon.

“A sail on the starboard bow!” I sung out

to the man who was nominally keeping a lookout forward. He reported the same to the first mate.

"Where away is she?" I heard the captain enquire, as he came directly afterwards on deck.

"To the southward, sir; she seems to be creeping up towards us with a breeze of some sort or other," answered Mr. Dobree. "Here, lad," he continued, beckoning to me, "go aloft, and see what you can make of her; your eyes are as sharp as any on board, if I mistake not, and a little running will do you no harm."

I was soon at the masthead, and in two minutes returned, and reported her to be a large topsail schooner, heading north-northeast, with the wind about southeast.

"I can't help thinking, sir, from her look, that this is the same craft that was lying off New Orleans two days ago," I added, touching my hat to the captain. I don't remember exactly what made me suppose this, but such I know was my idea at the time.

"What, your friend Captain Hawk's craft, the *Foam*, you mean, I suppose," he observed.

"But how can that be? She was bound to Havannah, and this vessel is standing away from it."

"I can't say positively, sir; but if you would take the glass and have a look at her, I don't think you would say she is very unlike her, at all events," I replied.

"It's very extraordinary if such is the case," said the captain, looking rather more as if he thought I might be right than before.

"Give me the glass, and I'll judge for myself; though it's impossible to say for a certainty what she may be at this distance." Saying this, he took the telescope and, in spite of the heat, went aloft.

When he came down again I observed that he looked graver than usual. He instantly gave orders to furl the awning, and to be ready to make sail as soon as the breeze should reach us. "The youngster is right, Mr. Dobree," he said, turning to the mate, and probably not aware that I overheard him.

"It's that piccarooning craft, the *Foam*; and Mr. Hawk, as he calls himself, is after some of his old tricks. I had my suspicions

of him when I saw him off New Orleans; but I did not think he would venture to attack us."

"He's bold enough to attack any one, sir," said the mate; "but we flatter ourselves that we shall be able to give a very good account of him, if he begins to play off any of his tricks on us."

"We'll do our best, Mr. Dobree," said the captain; "for if we do not, we shall have but a Flemish account to render of our cargo, let alone our lives."

I do not know if I before stated that the *Susannah* carried four guns—two long and two carronades; and as we had a supply of small arms and cutlasses, we were tolerably able to defend ourselves.

The captain walked the deck for some time in silence, during which period the stranger had perceptibly approached us. He then again went aloft, and scrutinised her attentively. On coming down he stopped at the break of the poop, and, waving his hand, let us know that he wished to address us: "My lads," he began, "I don't altogether like the look of that fellow out yonder, who has been

taking so much pains to get up to us. He may be honest, but I tell you I don't think so; and if he attempts to molest us, I'm sure you'll one and all do your duty in defending the brig and the property on board her entrusted to you. I need not tell you that pirates generally trust to the saying, that dead men tell no tales; and that, if that fellow is one, and gets the better of us, our lives won't be worth much to any of us."

"Don't fear for us, sir; we're ready for him, whatever he may be," sung out the whole crew with one voice.

The stranger brought along the breeze with him, but as yet our sails had not felt a particle of its influence. At length, when he was little more than a mile off, a few cat's paws were seen playing on the water; they came and vanished again as rapidly, and the sea was soon as before. In time they came oftener and with more power; and at length our top-sails and top-gallant sails were seen slowly to bulge out as the steadier breeze filled them.

The wind came, as I have said, from the southeast, which was directly in our teeth in

our proper course to Havannah. The stranger had thus the weather-guage of us, and a glance at the map will show that we were completely embayed, as we had stood to the eastward, and we should have run on the Florida coast, while on the other tack we must have run right down to meet him. We might possibly reach some port; but the probabilities were that he might overtake us before we could do so, and the appearance of fear would encourage him to follow us. We had therefore only the choice of running back to Belize, or of fighting our way onward. Captain Searle decided on the latter alternative; and bracing the yards sharply upon the star-board tack, we stood to the eastward, intending, whatever course the stranger pursued, to go about again at the proper time.

The schooner, on seeing this, also closely hugged the wind and stood after us. There could now be no longer any doubt about his intentions. We, however, showed the stars and stripes of the United States, but he hoisted no ensign in return. It was very soon evident that he sailed faster than we did, and

he was then coming rapidly within range of our guns. Our captain ordered us, however, on no account to fire, unless we were struck, as he was unwilling to sacrifice the lives of any one unnecessarily, even of our enemies.

Every stitch of canvas the brig could carry was cracked on her: all would not do. The stranger walked up to us hand over hand. Seeing that there was not the slightest chance of escaping by flight, Captain Searle ordered the foresail and top-gallant sails to be clewed up, and under our topsails and fore-and-aft sails resolved to wait the coming up of the enemy, if such the stranger might prove.

On came the schooner, without firing or showing any unfriendly disposition. As she drew near, I felt more and more convinced that she must be the *Foam*. She had a peculiarly long cut-water and a very straight sheer, which, as she came up to the windward of us and presented nearly her broadside, was discernible. As she heeled over to the now freshening breeze, I fancied that I could even discern, through the glass, Captain Hawk walking the quarter-deck. When she got

about a quarter of a mile to windward of us she hove to and lowered a boat, into which several people jumped and pulled towards us. At the same time up went the Spanish ensign at her peak.

Captain Searle looked puzzled. "I cannot make it out, Dobree," he observed. "I still doubt if that fellow is honest, and am half inclined to make sail again, and while he bears down to pick up his boat we may get to windward of him."

"If he isn't honest, he'll not trouble himself about his boat, but will try to run alongside us, and let her come up when she can," answered the mate. "There is no trusting to what such craft as that fellow may do."

"Oh, we'll take care he does not play off any tricks upon us," said the captain; and we waited the approach of the boat.

As she drew near, she was seen to contain eight men. Four were pulling, one sat in the bow, and the other in the stern-sheets. If they were armed, it could not be discovered. When they got within hail, the captain asked them what they wanted?

They pointed to their mouths, and one answered in Spanish, "*Aqua, aqua, por amor de Dios.*"

"They want water, sir, they say," observed the first mate, who prided himself on his knowledge of Spanish.

"That's the reason, then, that they were in such a hurry to speak to us," said the captain. "But still, does it not strike you as odd that a vessel should be in want of water in these seas?"

"Her water-butts might have leaked out, and some of these Spanish gentry, sir, are very careless about taking enough water to sea," replied the mate, who was biassed by the pleasure he anticipated of being able to sport his Spanish.

"Get a water-cask up on deck, and we'll have it ready to give these fellows, whatever they may be," said our humane captain. "Have some pannikins ready to serve it out to them. Thirst is a dreadful thing, and one would not keep a fellow-creature in that state a moment longer than one could help."

I do not know what the second mate

thought of the strangers, but I remember several of the crew saying that they did not like their looks; and I saw him place a cutlass close to the gun nearest the starboard gangway, while he kept eyeing them in no very affectionate manner. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, the men in the stern-sheets wore cloaks. On observing this, Bill Tasker said he supposed it was to hide the shabby jackets they wore under them. The other men were dressed in blue shirts, and their sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, with the red sash usually worn by Spaniards round their waist, in which was stuck the deadly *Cuchillo*, or cut-and-thrust knife, in a sheath, carried by most Lusitanian and Iberian seamen, and their descendants of the New World.

They pulled up at once alongside, and before any one attempted to stop them they had hooked on, the man in the bows climbing up on deck, followed by his companions in cloaks, and two of the seamen. The other two remained in the boat, pointing at their mouths, as a sign that they wanted water.

Seamen, from the sufferings and dangers to which they were exposed, are proverbially kind to those in distress. Our men, therefore, seemed to vie with each other who should first hold the pannikins of water to the mouths of the strangers, while a tub, with the fluid, was also lowered into the boat alongside. They eagerly rushed at the water, and drank up all that was offered them, but I could not help remarking that they did not look like men suffering from thirst. However, a most extraordinary effect was produced on two of them, for they fell down on the deck, as if in intense agony. This drew the attention of all hands on them; and as we had no surgeon on board, the captain began to ransack his medical knowledge to find remedies for them.

While he was turning over the pages of his medical guide to find some similar case of illness and its remedy described, the schooner was edging down towards us. As she approached, I observed only a few men on board; and they, as the people in the boat had done, were pointing at their mouths, as if

they were suffering from the want of water.

I think I said that there were some sails, and two or three cloaks, apparently thrown by chance, in the bottom of the boat. While all hands were engaged in attending to the strangers, and for some minutes no one had looked towards the schooner; on a sudden I heard a loud grating sound—there was the wild triumphant cry of a hundred fierce voices. The seemingly exhausted men leaped to their feet—the helmsman and our captain lay prostrate by blows dealt by our treacherous foes—the second mate and several of the men were knocked down; and before any of us had time to attempt even any defence of the brig, a set of desperadoes, of all colours and nations, were swarming down on her decks from the rigging of the schooner; while others who had been concealed in the boats sprang on board on the lee side. Never was a surprise more complete, or treachery more vile. In an instant we were helplessly in the power of as lawless a band of pirates as ever infested those seas. The captain and mates were first pinioned—the men were sharing

the same treatment. I was at the time forward, when, on looking aft, who should I see but Captain Hawk himself, walking the deck of the brig as if he were her rightful commander. He took off his hat with mock courtesy to poor Captain Searle, as he passed him. "Ah! my dear sir, the fortune of war makes you my prisoner today," he said, in a sneering tone; "another day, if my people do not insist on your walking the plank, you may hope, perhaps, to have the satisfaction of beholding me dangling at a yard-arm. By the bye, I owe you this turn; for you shipped on board your craft a lad who had engaged to sail with me, and I must have him forthwith back again, with a few other articles of your cargo which I happen to require." As he said this, his eye fell on me, and he beckoned me towards him. I saw that there was no use hanging back, so I boldly advanced. "You are a pretty fellow to desert your colours," he continued, laughing. "You deserve to be treated as a deserter. However, I will have compassion on your youth, if you will swear to be faithful to me in the future."

"I never joined your vessel, so I am not a deserter. I cannot swear to serve a man of whose character I know nothing, except that he has taken forcible possession of a peaceful trader." I said this without hesitation or the least sign of fear. The truth is, I felt too desperate to allow myself to consider what I said or did.

"You are a brave young bantam," he answered, laughingly. "And though all the rest may hang or walk the plank, we will save you to afford us sport, so set your mind at rest."

"Thank you for my life; for I've no wish to lose it, I can assure you," I replied; "but don't suppose I am going to spend it in your service. I shall do my best to get away from you as soon as possible."

"Then we must tie you to the leg," he answered, without at all appearing angry. "Here, Mark Anthony,"—he beckoned to a tall, ill-looking black who had been busy in securing the rest of the crew,—“take charge of this youngster, and render an account of him to me by and by, without a hair of his head injured, mind you."

"Yes, sare," said the Roman general, who I afterwards found was a runaway slave from Kentucky. "I'll not singe his whiskers, even. Come here, Massa." And seizing me by the shoulder he dragged me forward away from the rest of the people. "What's your name?" asked my black keeper as he made me sit down on the bits of the bowsprit.

"Peter, at your service, Mr. Mark Anthony," said I in as fearless a voice as I could command; for having once taken a line of conduct which seemed to answer well, I determined to persevere in it.

"Den, Massa Peter, you sit dere quiet," he said with a grin. "I no break your skull, because Hawk break mine if I do. I no let anybody else hurt you for the same reason."

From his look and voice I certainly did not flatter myself that he refrained from throwing me overboard from any love he bore me; but, on the contrary, that he would have been much more gratefully employed in making me walk the plank, or in tricing me up to the fore-yard.

Meantime the pirates were busily em-

ployed in ransacking the vessel, and in transferring everything of value to them which they could find, from her to their own schooner. The captain and mates were threatened with instant death if they did not deliver up all the money they had on board; and even the crew were compelled to hand over to our captors the small sums they possessed. To make them do this, they were knocked about and beaten unmercifully, and even those who possessed watches and rings were deprived of them, as well as of any clothes which appeared worth taking.

I had often read the history of pirates and of their bold exploits till I almost fancied that I should like to become one, or at all events that I should like to encounter them; but I can assure my friends that the reality was very different from the fiction, and as the hideous black was standing over me, ready every moment to knock out my brains, and my companions were suffering all sorts of ill-treatment, I most heartily wished that such gentry as pirates had not been allowed to exist.

Though I tried to look as indifferent as

possible, the black would have observed me trembling had he not been watching to see what his friends were about, no doubt eager to obtain his share of the plunder. The work the pirates were engaged in went on for some time, till even they had tolerably satiated their eagerness for booty; and I then fully expected to see them either heave my shipmates overboard as food for the sharks alongside, or hang them at the yard-arms, and then set the ship on fire, as Mark Anthony insinuated for my satisfaction, that they would do. Instead of this, to my surprise, Captain Hawk went up to Captain Searle and said, "I sent a message by that youngster there to you to look out for yourself, and I never threaten in vain. He goes with me. I want a good navigator; and as your second mate seems a lively sort of person, I shall take him also. The rest of you may go free; but remember, if any of you attempt to betray me, or to appear as witnesses against me, you will dearly pay for it."

Our poor captain, who was almost ruined and heartbroken by the pillage of his ship, said nothing, but bowed his head on his breast,

looking as if he would as soon have been killed outright. The unfortunate mate, Abraham Jones, seemed horrified at hearing what his fate was to be; but he knew enough about the pirates to be aware that it would have been worse than useless to attempt to escape accompanying them. He, however, took the precaution of calling on the crew of the *Susannah* to bear witness that he was compelled through bodily fear and by force to join the pirates; and he made the best show of resistance that under the circumstances he could venture to do.

From what I saw of him, I do not think that he had so great an objection to joining them as some men might have had. Indeed, I confess that I was very wrong in doing so; and I feel that a person ought rather to sacrifice his life than consent to commit a crime, even though driven to it with a dagger to his throat. However, both Jones and I fancied that the only chance of saving our own lives, and those of our shipmates, was by our going on board the schooner.

"Remember, Captain Searle, if we get into

any misfortune through you, these two will be the first to suffer; and then again, I say, look out for yourself," exclaimed the pirate chief as he quitted the deck of the *Susannah*.

His people then hove her guns overboard, and removed the small arms on board their own craft, to which the mate and I were also transferred. They also cut the standing and running rigging, which would effectually prevent making sail for a long time to come.

The first mate was next released, and was ordered to stand on the poop, on pain of being shot down if he attempted to move while the schooner was near. Her boat was then hoisted in, she was cast off from the brig, and with a cheer of triumph from her crew she stood away from the *Susannah*.

The first mate wisely did as he was ordered, and it was not till we had got to such a distance that there was little fear of his being hit, that I saw him jump down to release his companions. It was with a sense of misery and degradation I have never before experienced that I watched till we lost sight of the unfortunate *Susannah*.

II

A WEEK passed away on board the *Foam*. Whereabouts we were I had no means of telling, for the captain kept me in his cabin, and would not allow me to go on deck without first asking his leave, nor would he permit me to communicate with Mr. Jones. He treated me very kindly, and even gave me books with which to amuse myself; but I was very far from happy. I felt that the schooner might some day be captured by a ship of war, and that I might probably be hung as a pirate before I had an opportunity of establishing my innocence. I also did not like to be a prisoner, even though I was kindly treated; and I thought that, most probably, when Hawk found I would not join in any piratical acts, and I had resolved that nothing should compel me to do so, his behaviour would change,

and that if I escaped with my life, I should no longer be treated as before.

Abraham Jones had, I am sorry to say, as far as I was able to judge from appearances, taken readily enough to the office imposed on him, and on two occasions when I went on deck I saw him doing duty as the officer of the watch. My opinion of him was that he would not have sought to have become a pirate, but that, having no nice sense of right and wrong—finding himself thrust, as it were, into the life—he did not think it worth making any exertion to escape from it.

Whether we went to Havannah or not I did not know. We certainly were once at anchor, and three times we either chased vessels or were chased by a superior force, from the eager tone in which the captain ordered sail to be made. Once we fired several shots, and were fired at in return; and I suspect it must have been at some vessel on our beam chasing us, and that some of her rigging or her masts must have been cut away, from the loud cheers the pirates gave. Perhaps they sank the enemy.

An hour afterwards Hawk came down into the cabin, looking as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had happened. I tried to gain some information from him, but he would answer none of my questions. He only gave a ghastly smile when I asked if the vessel at which he had fired had sunk; and he then took up a book, in which he soon seemed to be deeply absorbed. After some time the book dropped from his hand, and he sat for half-an-hour in a state of abstraction, unconscious of where he was, or who was present.

He was roused by the black, Mark Anthony, putting his head in at the door and saying, "A sail on the lee bow."

He sprang on deck in a moment, all life and activity. Instantly all sail the schooner could carry was packed on her, and we were bowling along with a fine breeze in chase of the stranger. This I could only surmise, however, by the way the vessel heeled over to the breeze, for I was still kept in the cabin.

Presently Hawk came down again. "Peter," he observed, "you have disappointed me. I thought you would not be content to lead the

idle life you do; I fancied you would like the excitement of the chase and the fight better than sitting alone in the cabin all day, like a young girl."

"I am not content, Captain Hawk," I replied; "but a prisoner has no choice."

"No one is allowed freedom on board here, unless he has taken the oaths of allegiance to the captain and our laws," he answered, looking steadfastly at me.

"Nothing could induce me to take one or the other," I exclaimed; "so I suppose I shall remain a prisoner till you release me, or die."

He seemed to take my answer very calmly; and this encouraged me to proceed and to make an effort to obtain my freedom.

"Captain Hawk," I said, "you have been very kind to me; and though I should have been willing to sail with you before I knew the character of your vessel, I am now most anxious to be put on shore; and, if you will liberate me, I will swear most solemnly not to betray you, or any of those who sail with you."

"We do not trust to the oaths of those who

do not join us," he answered. "For your own sake, I must make you take part in the next capture we attempt, or else my people will begin to suspect you are a mere coward, and even I shall be unable to protect you."

"I am no coward, Captain Hawk, and that I will prove any time that I have an opportunity; but I do not choose to commit murder or robbery," I answered, in the same bold tone in which I usually spoke.

"You use harsh terms, youngster, to one who could any moment order you to be hove to the sharks," exclaimed the pirate. "However, I do not quarrel with you for speaking your mind; I once thought as you do, but custom has altered my ideas."

"Then why do you wish me to do what you know I must consider wrong?" I asked.

"Because I have a liking for you, and want a lad of spirit and education to be my companion," he replied. "The old hands I cannot trust—they are as likely to turn against me as to serve me, while you, I know, will be faithful for a while, till you get hardened like the rest, and then——"

"And then," interrupting him, I said, "what would you do with me? Give me as food for the sharks, I suppose?"

"No, lad, I should let you live to fight your own way in the world, with a charge to keep out of my path," he replied. "But that is not what I wanted to talk to you about. You must come on deck and join in capturing the vessel we are in chase of, for we think she is likely to prove a prize of value."

I am sorry to say that so heartily tired was I of remaining shut up in the cabin, that I was glad of being allowed, on any terms, to see what was going forward on deck.

On this, I suspect, the pirate calculated. He well knew the force of the French proverb, "It is but the first step to crime which is difficult." He wished me to take that first step, being assured that I should then be his.

I thought, when I went on deck, that nothing would tempt me to take any part in the acts of the pirates, even as far as in assisting to navigate the vessel; but there is something so exciting in the chase of a vessel, that it

is difficult not to wish to come up with her. At first I stood merely looking on; but the breeze freshened and rather headed us, and Hawk issued an order to flatten in the fore-and-aft sails, and to brace up the yards. I flew instinctively to the sheets, and found myself pulling and hauling with the rest.

The captain made no remark; nor did he appear even to notice what I had done. The wind was about south, and the chase was to the eastward of us, standing on a bowline. She was a brig of some size, and at the first glance I thought she was a man-of-war; but Hawk pronounced her to be a Spaniard, and homeward bound from Cuba. On hearing this, of course, I knew that we must be somewhere to the eastward of that place, and this was the first intimation I had had of our whereabouts.

The chase had not observed us, or, if he had, seemed not to be at all suspicious of our character, for he was standing on under easy sail, as if in no way in a hurry to escape from us.

Hawk, who was usually so calm and almost

apathetic, walked the deck full of energy and excitement. Every order he gave was uttered in a sharp, quick tone, which demanded instant obedience. Every one partook of the same spirit; and there appeared to be as much discipline and regularity as on board a man-of-war. Even the most lawless vagabonds find this necessary for the attainment of their ends and their own preservation.

We rapidly came up with the chase, and were within about three miles of her when she began, it seemed, to suspect that all was not right, for sail after sail was set on her, till she could carry no more, while she edged away a little from her course, so as to allow every one of them to draw properly. This threw us completely to windward, for we held on the same course as before, and she appeared at first to be recovering her lost ground. In a short time we also kept away with the wind almost a-beam, a point on which the *Foam* sailed her best.

"Huzza, my lads!" exclaimed Hawk, "in a short time the chase will be ours; and if I mistake not, plenty of good doubloons into the

bargain, if you can but make our craft walk along faster."

"Huzza!" shouted the English and American part of the crew, in which the people of other nations joined in their peculiar cries.

The brig once more hauled her wind, and this brought us soon nearer again to her.

Hawk thought it was because the captain saw indications of a shift of wind, and hoped to be placed well to windward. He was scrutinising her narrowly through a telescope. "She does not show any guns," he remarked; "but it is no reason that she has not got them. Get all ready for action, in case she should prove a Tartar."

I scarcely knew what I was about; but I confess I not only assisted to hand up powder and shot, but to load and run out the guns.

Neither of us made any further variation in our course; but the chase was, it appeared, a very slow sailer, for we so rapidly came up with her that five hours after she was seen she was within range of our guns. She did not fire, nor did we; for, supposing her to be unarmed, Hawk was anxious to capture her

without in any way injuring her hull or cargo. We sailed on, therefore, as if we were engaged in a friendly race; and no one by looking at us could have supposed that we were deadly enemies.

We were getting very near to the chase, and with our telescopes could almost distinguish the faces of those on board, when I observed Abraham Jones, the new second mate of the *Foam*, hurry aft to the captain with a face pale as a ghost. Hawk laughed, and shook his head incredulously. Jones seemed, from his manner, to be insisting that he was right, for I did not hear what he said. Still we stood on till the chase was within the distance of half the range of our guns. I was again aft. "Hoist our bunting to make him show his colors," I heard Hawk say; "and give him a shot from our bow-chaser to hurry him."

Directly afterwards a broad red flag, without any device, was run up at our peak, and with a spout of smoke a shot went flying over the water, and with a crash which made the splinters fly it struck the dark sides of the brig.

The effect was instantaneous, and such as was little expected by the pirates.

A flag was run up to the gaff of the brig; but instead of the Spanish ensign, the stars and stripes of the United States were displayed; and the ports being opened as if by magic, eight guns were run out, and, luffing up, she let fly her broadside right into our bows. The shot tore up our decks, and knocked away part of our starboard bulwarks, killing two of the people, and wounding three more, but without injuring our rigging. Then I saw what sort of men I was mingling with. I cannot describe the fierce rage which took possession of them, the oaths and execrations to which they gave vent. The bodies of the two men who were killed, while yet warm, were thrown overboard directly they were found to be dead, and the wounded were dragged below, and left without a surgeon or any one to attend on them. Instead of the timid Spanish merchantman we expected to get alongside, we found that this vessel was no other than a United States man-of-war sent to look out for the *Foam*—in fact, that

we had caught a Tartar. Hawk, to do him justice, stood undaunted, his energies rising with the occasion. Keeping away a little, so as to get our broadside to bear, we fired in return, and the guns being planted high, some of the running rigging was cut away, and her foretop-mast was struck, and must have been badly wounded, for some hands instantly were seen going aloft to fix it.

"About ship, my lads—down with the helm; and while she's in stays, give Uncle Sam our larboard broadside."

The sails of the schooner were well full; she quickly came round, and before the brig could follow our example, we sent the shot from our whole broadside flying among her rigging. A loud shout of exultation from our pirate crew showed their satisfaction at the damage they had done; for several spars and sails, with blocks and ropes, were seen coming down by the run on deck.

"Now, my lads, let's up stick away," cried Hawk. "They thought, doubtless, that they were sure of us; but we'll show them that the *Foam* is not to be caught so easily."

All hands who could be spared from the guns, and I among the rest, flew to their stations to trim sails; the yards were braced sharp up, and with her head to the southwest the *Foam* stood away on a bowline from her powerful antagonist. We were not to escape, however, with impunity; for as soon as the brig's crew had somewhat recovered from the confusion into which the damage done by our shot had thrown them, such guns as could be brought to bear were fired at us with no bad aim. One struck our taffrail, and another killed a man on the forecastle; but our rigging escaped. Twice the brig missed stays in attempting to come about from so much of her head-sail having been cut away; and this, as she all the time was sailing one way and we the other, contributed much to increase our distance. The breeze also favoured us further by freshening, making it more difficult to the enemy to repair damages, while, as we were unhurt, it sent us along all the more rapidly. The Americans were not the people to take the treatment we had given them with calmness, especially as we were so

much the smaller, and had less force. At last, at a third trial, the brig came about, while she continued without cessation firing at us. Not much damage was done, though our sails had daylight made through them several times by her shot, and another man was killed; but this casualty the pirates seemed to make light of; it was the fortune of war, and might happen every instant to any of us. The bodies, with scant examination, except to discover whether there was money in their pockets, or rings in their ears or on their fingers, were thrown overboard without a prayer or sigh. As the shot came whistling over us, they laughed when they saw me bobbing down my head in the hope of avoiding them. I had no fancy, I own, to be shot by people against whom I had not the slightest enmity, nor whom I in any way wished to injure.

We soon found that the brig-of-war, instead of being a slow sailer, was remarkably fast, and that, while we were in chase of her, she must, by towing a sail overboard, or some other manœuvre, have deadened her way on purpose to allow us to come up with her. We

had now, therefore, to put the schooner's best leg foremost to get away from her, even before she had got all her gear aloft again. To try and do her further damage a gun was got over the taffrail, and a constant fire was kept up from it as fast as it could be loaded.

I was standing in the waist, with the black Mark Anthony near me. "Well, Massa Peter, if de brig catch we, we all be hung; how you like dat?" he asked, with a broad grin, which made him look far from pleasing.

"I should be sorry to see any of those who have treated me with kindness hung, or otherwise injured," I replied.

"See! ha, ha! but how you like feel being hung, Massa Peter?" he said again, grinning more horribly than before.

"Why, I have no fear of that sort, Mr. Mark, I can assure you," I replied; though I confess the disagreeable idea did come across me that I might possibly not be able to prove that I was not a pirate should we be captured. "I have had nothing to do with any of the acts committed by the crew of this vessel."

"Ho, ho, ho!" he exclaimed, "den you no

pull and haul, and help work de guns which fire at de ship of war; me swear me saw you myself. Ho, ho, ho!"

The black's laughter sounded almost demoniacal in my ears. He spoke the truth, too: I had indeed helped to work the guns; and on the strength of it, like a tempter to evil, he was endeavouring to persuade me, in his rough way, to join the pirates. I did not think it prudent to show that I clearly saw his aim; but I resolved still to remain firm.

The evening was now drawing on, and fortunately the breeze did not drop. I confess that I was just as anxious to escape from our pursuer as any pirate on board; scarcely more so, perhaps, than the new mate, who had guessed the character of the brig, and had no fancy for having his career cut short so soon.

The brig did not fire at us, as to do so she would have had to yaw and thus lose ground, while we continued to ply her with our long gun. Her fore-topsail could not be set while the mast was being fixed. An attempt was now made to hoist it; but the breeze at that instant strengthened, away went the

mast, rigging and sail together. A loud cheer arose from our decks; a parting shot was given her from our gun, and in two hours darkness hid her from our sight.

III

I DREAMED all night that I was in the hands of the Americans, with a rope round my neck, and about to be run up at the yard-arm—I felt the practical inconvenience of associating with bad company. As soon as I awoke I went on deck, for Hawk no longer placed any restrictions on my movements. I fully expected to see the brig-of-war in chase of us. I own I felt somewhat relieved when, on looking round, not a sail of any description was to be seen, and the schooner was still bowling along with a brisk breeze on a westerly course.

Towards evening we sighted land, towards which our course was altered. We ran on, and by marks which I could not distinguish, steered between coral banks, till on a sudden I found that we were entering a lagoon, with trees towering on either side high above our

topmast heads. The wind dropped completely as we got within the passage, and the boats were sent ahead to tow. Hawk ordered me into one of them, and I saw no reason to disobey; indeed, I felt that it would be very foolish not to do my best to please him in matters unconnected with piracy.

The sky was clear overhead, and the stars shone down and were reflected, as in a mirror, on the otherwise ink-black water of the lagoon. As we pulled ahead, we appeared to be passing through a narrow canal, with lofty impenetrable walls on either side, while in the centre rose before our eyes the phantom-like outline of the schooner, her topmast heads and rigging alone being seen against the sky above the dark shadows of the trees.

The splash of our oars was the only sound which broke the dead silence which reigned in this sequestered spot; while the only light, except from the glittering stars above us, was from the phosphorescent flashes as the blades entered the water, and the golden drops again fell into their parent element. On looking on that gloomy surface, it seemed as improb-

able that anything so bright should come from it as that sparks of real fire should be emitted from the hard flint stone. Mat Hagan, an Irishman, who pulled the bow oar in my boat, declared that our oars were throwing up to the sky again the reflection of the stars, which had no business to be there at all.

We pulled on for about half-an-hour, and then a sort of bay, or bight, appearing on one side, we brought the vessel into it, and moored her stem and stern fast to the trees. There she lay so completely concealed that any one passing up the canal could not by any possibility have seen her, even in broad daylight.

Here we lay for several days, repairing damages and refitting the ship. Where we were I could not learn from any one on board; but I suspected that we were in one of the numberless keys among the Bahama or Lucaya Islands; and I had afterwards reason to know that I was right.

Some of the booty taken by the pirates was landed, as, on account of the marks on the bales and other signs, it was likely to lead to their detection should they attempt to dispose

of it in its present form. Some of the things were hid away; the others, after undergoing various operations, were re-shipped with such perfectly different marks, that it would have been impossible to detect them. Cunning and trickery seemed to be now the means taken by the pirates to carry on their operations, instead of the bold, daring way in which, as I had read, their predecessors formerly plundered the honest trader.

Hawk ordered me to lend a hand in refitting the schooner, so I made myself as useful as my knowledge would allow. I had begun to entertain a hope of escaping when the pirates were off their guard, and fancied that I had become reconciled to my lot. It was against my nature to be in any way treacherous; and I almost certainly would not have injured Hawk, on account of the kindness with which he had treated me; but, at the same time, I did not feel that I was acting wrongly in concealing from him my wish to regain the liberty he had deprived me of.

One morning, while the yards were still on deck and the sails unbent, notice was given

from our lookout at the mouth of the lagoon that a sail was in sight, about two miles in the offing.

"What is she?" asked Hawk of the messenger.

"A barque, deeply laden, captain," replied the man, who was an old pirate. "To my mind she looks as if she would not make a bad prize, if we could get hold of her; and, as the wind is dropping, and it will be some time before the sea-breeze sets in, I think there will not be much difficulty in doing that."

The captain was pleased at his follower's suggestion; indeed, he would have risked the loss of his authority had he refused to attend to it. The men were ordered to knock off work, and to get the boats ready, while those who were away in the interior of the little island were recalled to lend their assistance. Every one was instantly all life and animation. With the prospect of making a prize, even the most sluggish were aroused.

There were three boats, which were soon launched; and oars, arms, and provisions were placed in them. To my surprise, Hawk gave

the command of them to Abraham Jones, he himself remaining to take charge of the schooner. From what I heard, I found that the pirates expected no difficulty or danger in making the capture.

I, of course, hoped that I should have nothing to do in the matter. What was my horror, then, when Hawk ordered me into the boats, and my old enemy, for I cannot call him my friend, Mark Anthony, was told to keep me company! I do not know whether this was Hawk's wish, or the desire of the men, who did not like to trust me till I had been guilty of some piratical act. At first I hesitated about obeying; but I soon saw, by the angry looks which were cast at me, that I was doing so at the peril of my life; and at the same instant it struck me that if I went I might by some means or other obtain my liberty.

The boats were one long-boat, which pulled eight oars, and carried in all sixteen men, and two large swift-rowing gigs. Jones took command of the long-boat, and I was in one of the gigs. In silence we left the vessel on our nefarious errand—in silence we pulled down

the canal with steady and slow strokes, for while the wind held there was no hurry. When we got close to the mouth of the harbour, the boat I was in was sent out to reconnoitre.

The stranger was apparently beating up along shore, towards which her head was now pointed, those who directed her movements little aware of the danger which threatened them. After waiting a short time, during which she had drawn nearer to us, her sails began to flap against the masts, and the ripple which had been playing on the water disappeared altogether. With the last breath of wind she was put about, and attempted to stand off shore; but she was very soon left in what is called the doldrums, namely without steerage-way.

When the officer of the boat I was in saw the barque becalmed, he gave the signal to our consort, and without further delay we three pulled out together towards her.

For some time no one on board appeared to have observed us. At last some one saw us, and two or three glasses were directed towards

us; but we did not seem to have created any alarm or even suspicion among them. Thus we were enabled to approach without any preparation having been made to prevent our getting on board. When it was too late, probably from the eagerness with which they saw us dash alongside, they suspected that all was not right, and a few of the hands ran to the arm-chest, while others attempted to slew round one of the two guns the barque carried, and to point it down at the boats. Before they could do so, we were scrambling up her sides.

"Oh, oh, Massa Peter, you hurry enough now to turn pirate, when you tink something to be got," shouted Mark Anthony, as he saw my eagerness to be one of the first on deck.

The cutter boarded on one side, the two gigs on the other—one on the fore-rigging, the other at the mizzen-chains—so that the crew had to separate into three divisions to oppose us. The crew thus weakened, the people from the long-boat gained easily a footing on deck. They drove the crew aft, who were now attacked in the rear by the party from one of

the gigs. I was in the foremost gig, and we had no one to oppose us. The only defence made was by the master, his mates, and two of the crew, who had secured cutlasses. They stood together on the larboard side of the poop, and boldly refused to yield up the ship till they knew the authority of those attacking her.

The capture of the barque proved an easy victory for the pirates, and soon her officers and crews were bound to the masts and rigging, while the ship was being searched.

The boats had made two trips to the shore before it was dark, taking much of the lighter part of the cargo. The removal of the rest, Captain Hawk decided, should be left until the following day. Most of the pirates returned to the schooner for the night, leaving the prisoners, with the third mate and a small guard, including myself, in charge of them.

"I leave you on board of the prize, Peter," Captain Hawk said, "because, though you are young and untried, yet you have more of humanity about you than the rest of my followers, and I can place more confidence in you.

I must, however, have you take the oath of our band, to the effect that you will not desert the ship, betray a comrade, or separate from the rest till our compact is dissolved by mutual agreement."

I thought, as seriously and as rapidly as I could, whether such an oath would not only preclude my own escape, but prevent me from assisting the prisoners. "It must effectually bind me to the pirates, and probably cause my death; but if I refuse to do it, I shall lose all chance of aiding them, so for their sakes I will do as I am asked." I told Hawk I would no longer refuse to take the oath he proposed.

"Then swear," he said, repeating it, while a number of the pirates gathered round.

"I swear," I said, in a voice which must, I thought, betray emotion. The pirates cheered and welcomed me as a brother among them.

I did not go to sleep, but walked the deck, considering what I should do. The third mate, who was now commanding officer, was a surly ruffian, and it was with difficulty that

I gained permission from him to carry some food and water to the prisoners.

I had found several bottles of fine old Jamaica rum in the cabin, and I conceived the idea that with the help of these I might be able to liberate the prisoners, who could then run the vessel out of reach of the pirates before morning. I brought one of the bottles on deck, and poured out a stiff tumblerfull for the mate. It appealed so to him that he asked for another, and then for more. Soon he fell asleep, as I had expected. I secured more of the rum, and soon the rest of the pirates were in the same condition as the mate.

It did not take long to release the captain and crew, and in a few minutes the previous order of things was reversed, and the pirates were bound and floating helplessly in a boat by themselves. The black was the only one aroused, and he saw me bound like himself.

It was broad daylight before any of the people came to their senses. I looked over the gunnel: the barque was nowhere to be seen.

The wind was off the shore, and the boat was drifting out to sea, driven by a current

which set to the southward. The black recognized the mouth of the lagoon, which he knew well, but which I could not make out. Some skulls were found in the boat, and we began to pull towards the shore.

My companions soon grew weary, and began to blame me for having given them the rum. They had begun to threaten me, when a brig was seen coming rapidly towards us.

The black jumped up, and watched her for some time, then, "De brig we fought de oder day!" he exclaimed.

We tried to invent a plausible tale of having been cast adrift, but before it was thoroughly concocted the brig was alongside us, and we were hauled on board.

We were immediately taken before the captain and his officers, who stood on the quarter deck.

"What brought you here?" he demanded of the mate, who told him the tale which had just been invented. But the appearance and manner of my companions had raised suspicions in the minds of the American officer which were not easily allayed.

The brig, I found, was the *Neptune*, Captain Faith. She was a remarkably fine vessel, carrying nineteen guns, and had been sent out expressly to look for the *Foam*. Captain Faith and his officers were burning to revenge the insult offered them shortly before by the schooner, and it appeared that they had gained knowledge of her whereabouts.

The attention of all on board was now taken up by the manning of the boats which were to be sent on an expedition in search of the pirates. Four of the boats were sent away, to which was added the one in which I had been taken, so that there was a pretty strong flotilla engaged. I saw them enter the mouth of the lagoon, and in about half-an-hour the roar of big guns and musketry was heard reverberating among the rocks. There was a pause, and then a loud, fearful explosion, and the masts and spars of the pirate schooner could be seen rising in the air.

Before long one boat was seen to emerge from among trees, and then another and another, until all appeared. They pulled to the

brig, and with them were the prisoners, mostly wounded.

Such was the end of the *Foam*. Sail was made to the northward, and I found that our destination was Charlestown, to which port the brig belonged, and where my trial and that of the other prisoners would take place. Soon after the *Neptune* had dropped her anchor we were taken on shore and placed in jail.

Before many days our trial commenced. The fate of the pirates was easily settled; all were adjudged to be hanged at the yard-arm of the brig which had captured us. I was given my liberty, provided I would volunteer to serve for two years on board a ship of war just then about to sail, and which was short of hands.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

NELSON'S last signal: "*England expects every man will do his duty,*" was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his Admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not

be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in your honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject upon which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned—but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the

Téméraire, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident that he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead.

The French Admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading in line; and, pointing them out

to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory* and across her bows fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever course they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied,

"God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again!"

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Ana*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the head of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here?" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment, thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was; and was

told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson, "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying: "Look; yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime, an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The Admiral's secretary was one of

the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: Upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other: Each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time

killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which had surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside: then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice: not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a mur-

derous sort of warfare by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Téméraire*, so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns on the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Téméraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoutable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water; which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed it into the smoke made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure*, and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered by his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning around, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through!" Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes,

which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper and frequently to give him lemonade

to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no

doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible, my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and with a heart almost bursting, hastened on deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast" (putting his hand on his left side) "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied: "So great that he wished he were dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!"

And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from his bed; "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice: "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his

parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, fast approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner"; and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say: "Thank God I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words

which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes past four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the *Redoutable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognized him, because he wore a glazed cocked-hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he, that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again,

received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the other fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The *Redoutable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire, in her forechains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fire-balls and other combustibles; implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat; which none but the cruel would employ; and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoutable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion; the men

displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterised; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory*, for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory*, whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped

overboard, and swam to the *Victory*, and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the *San Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred and fifty. * * *

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer; doubtless, that he might hear the completion of the victory that he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns that were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal*

Sovereign as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the captured Spanish ships; and they were seen to back their top-sails, for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such, that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master to man the guns against any of the French ships: saying, that if a Spanish ship came alongside they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted; and they were actually stationed at the lower-deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate

than the fleet from whose destruction they fled; they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochfort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French Government; under Bonaparte it was sure of impunity, and, perhaps, might be thought deserving of reward. But, if the Spanish court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the Spanish fleet.

he total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,690. Nineteen of the enemy struck—unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined—a gale came on from the southwest; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not

serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish Vice-Admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government says that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

THE GREAT ARMADA

"THE Lord High Admiral of England, sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance*, announced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musket-shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the *Arkroyall* (alias the *Triumph*), first set upon the Admiral's, as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was Alfonso de Leon's ship). Soon after Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discovered the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of his endeavours, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina, the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast,

gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed, and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be

left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull Coena Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here) are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the meanwhile, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which Lord Howard has adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanour."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours knock-

ing holes in a huge galleon which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of *St. Catharina*. She had a coat-of-arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars, for a new Drakium Sidus."

Amyas turns out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen; only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie-to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay;

and Amyas in a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saving the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus:

“Dear Lad,—I have been wool-gathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing; and coming back fell in (God be thanked) with Valdez's great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by the crew. I have sent to Darmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half hundred; and Valdez himself, who, when I sent my pinnace aboard, must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions. I answered him I had no time to talk with him; if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then *buena guerra*. He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and

that it stood not with his honour, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part, I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning. Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard, kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the *Sta. Catharina*, commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside *Sta. Catharina* at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of three tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

“Your deare Friend and Admiral,

“F. DRAKE.”

“She sails in this squadron of Recalde. The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God’s grace it was they tried not: but their orders from home are too strait, and

so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, so do most in the end. They cannot compass our quick handling and tackling, and take us for very witches. So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old. Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk."

"The Admiral is in a gracious humour, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"*St. Catharine?* Why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday," said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! How he has contrived to line his own pockets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting for him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all events."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshipped Drake, and was not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till night fell; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their place to board her; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbour, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice-Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the western again; but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begins a series of manœuvres, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while on the one hand the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Span-

iards; and on the other side the Spaniards as stoutly delivered *Recalde*, being in danger. Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which, notwithstanding from the Spaniards, flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honour in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility; and, having discharged their broadsides, drew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great unwieldy Spanish ships. This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), in which the Lord Admiral fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what dost thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me

now?" With which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain; as, indeed, did all the rest."

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh, and Blunt, and many other honourable names, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honour was to be attained." Spain had staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son—and shall mourn the loss of one: and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the Cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition, but they will scarce return tonight, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and

shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James's day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honour by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favouring breeze; perhaps, he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galliasses (the fourth lies half-crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's *Triumph*, his brother's *Lion*, Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas*, Lord Sheffield's *Bear*, Barker's *Victory*, and George Fenner's *Leicester*, towed stoutly out to meet them with such salvoes of chain-shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come

up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery) "no galliasse would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of a sulphur-smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James's day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time. "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." At least, the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of Eng-

lish cannon: and the Armada, "gathering into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and bright out of the south-south-west, guide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood, which was then more honourable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and, shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her 'My Lady.'"

Lord Henry Seymore has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Eliza-

beth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire-ships "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly, either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics, which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches, make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebilli's fire-ships at Antwerp

three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour.

The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return, but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and, swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows: but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it none can fight more fiercely

among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to re-form. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across the mouth of the Thames.

So Drake weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner, burning to redeem the honour which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galliasse! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drublers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the southwest horizon, loom up larger and larger, two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear*; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards; but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and foreyards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The Duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to sea-

ward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymore and Winter have battered the great *San Philip* into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the *San Matthew* comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fastened on him instead; but the *Evangelist*, though smaller, is stouter than the *Deacon*, and of all the shot poured into him, no twenty, "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galliasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes, he shouts to his ancient enemy:

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew*, and then glides on to re-load; but not to return. For not a pistol-shot to leeward, wor-

ried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

“There he is!” shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

“Steady, men!” says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. “Not a shot! Re-load, and be ready; I must speak with him first.” And silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard’s quarter.

“Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayer de Soto!” shouts Amyas, from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas’s head, and shouts through his vizor:

“At your service, sir, whosoever you may be.”

A dozen muskets and arrows were levelled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. “No

man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat"; and lingering a moment out of bravado to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouted Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. "Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burned alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas's lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them.

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yard-arm, if Saint Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the sternworks of the Spaniard; and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half-an-hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the *Vengeance*, as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the *St. Catharina*, pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck-beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defences of the *Vengeance*, that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded by musketry are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thresher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymore, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The *San Matthew* has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship; but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand the vast hull of the *San Philip* is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the *San Matthew* is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymore's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' ex-

penses." And on went Lord Henry, and on shore went the *San Philip* at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the *San Matthew*, whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunder-storm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur-smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still, through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails: Amyas calls to the men to fire high, and cripple her rigging; but in vain; for

three or four belated galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galley's beaks.

"Most heroical Captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silent, the *Vengeance* sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards sorely battered, and lessened in numbers have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have

no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the *St. Catharina* has rejoined her fellow during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water we—— What is the admiral about?"

He is signalling Lord Henry Seymore and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still, and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rear-most ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactics of following and harrassing.

"Good-bye to Seymore," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes

a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads, and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! The villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary as, one after the other, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet; and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over! The Spaniard had refused battle, and, thinking only of safety, was pressing down toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore, against

such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people!"

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the grey northwest, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and whiter under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labour. Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord on the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure, but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the

shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait many dreary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas's heart.

"They are safe! Safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with some quantity; but he was on board again only just in time, for the south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away; but this time northward. Whither, now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated and England saved.

WRECK OF THE *DRAKE*

AMONG those men who have performed the most gallant and self-devoted deeds in the most simple and natural way, we should especially reckon captains in the navy. With them it is an understood rule that, happen what may, the commanding officer is to be the last to secure his own life—the last to leave the ship in extremity. Many and many a brave life has thus been given, but the spirit nurtured by such examples is worth infinitely more than ever the continued service of the persons concerned could have been. And for themselves—this world is not all, and have we not read, that “He who will save his life will lose it, and he who will lose his life shall save it?”

The Newfoundland coast is a peculiarly

dangerous one, from the dense fogs that hang over the water, caused by the warm waters of the gulf-stream, which, rushing up from the equator, here come in contact with the cold currents from the pole, and send up such heavy vapour that day can sometimes scarcely be discerned from night, and even at little more than arm's length objects cannot be distinguished, while from without the mist looks like a thick sheer precipice of snow.

In such a fearful fog, on the morning of the 20th of June, 1822, the small schooner *Drake* struck suddenly upon a rock, and almost immediately fell over on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker, ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her so that she might right herself, but in vain. One boat was washed away, another upset as soon as she was launched, and there only remained the small boat called the captain's gig. The ship was fast breaking up, and the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves at a distance that the fog made it difficult to

calculate, but it was hoped might not be too great. A man named Lennard seized a rope, and sprang into the sea, but the current was too strong for him; he was carried away in an opposite direction, and was obliged to be dragged on board again. Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt in the gig, taking a rope fastened round his body. The crew cheered him after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Anxiously they watched Turner in his boat, as he made his way within a few feet of the rock. There it was lifted high and higher by a huge wave, then hurled down on the rock and shattered to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, contriving to keep his hold of the rope and to scramble upon the stone.

Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship, and dashed her down close to this rock of safety, and Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her

and make their way to it. For the first time he met with disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last and least consideration; and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbour. But they were so benumbed with cold that many were unable to climb the rock, and were swept off by the waves, among them the lieutenant. Captain Baker last of all joined his crew, and it was then discovered that they were at no great distance from the land, but that the tide was rising, and the rock on which they stood would assuredly be covered at high water, and the heavy mist and lonely coast gave scarcely a hope that help would come ere the slowly rising waters must devour them.

Still there was no murmur, and again the gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make an effort to save his comrades. With a few words of earnest prayer, he secured the rope round his waist, strug-

gled hard with the waves, and reached the shore, whence he sent back the news of his safety by a loud cheer to his comrades.

There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then it is recorded that not one, so summoned, stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply—"I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round and saw a poor woman lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock, unable to move. He took her in one arm, and with the other clung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could

bear; it broke halfway, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed in the eddy. Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope or help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of help, found a farmhouse, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival, the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and faithful captain. All the crew could do was, with full hearts, to write a most touching letter to an officer who had once sailed with them in the *Drake* to entreat him to represent their captain's conduct to the Lords of the Admiralty. "In fact," said the letter, "during the whole business he proved himself a man whose name and last conduct ought ever to be held in the highest estimation by a crew who feel it their duty to ask, from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that which they otherwise have not the means of obtaining; that is, a public and lasting record of the lion-hearted, generous, and very unexampled way in which our late noble commander sacrificed his life, in the evening of the 23rd of June." This letter

was signed by the whole surviving crew of the *Drake*, and in consequence a tablet in the dockyard chapel at Portsmouth commemorates the heroism of Captain Charles Baker.

A STORMY SEA

SCUD was seen flying rapidly across the sky, thick white masses of clouds banked up densely in the horizon. It was Adair's first watch; Murray had been about to turn in. He cast his eyes around.

"Depend on it, Adair, we are going to have a heavy blow, and a regular tornado will be down on us before long, and the sooner we make everything snug the better."

Adair doubted whether there would be anything more than a squall. Just then the sails flapped ominously, and there was a perfect calm. The flame of a candle brought on deck would have ascended straight upwards.

"Adair, I tell you it will be down on us in a few minutes, and with terrific force, too," exclaimed Murray. "All hands shorten sail!"

Not a moment was to be lost. Needham and the rest saw that with the exception of the fore-staysail every sail was lowered and carefully stowed; the topmasts were struck, and everything on deck was lashed and secured. All the time a dead calm continued, the atmosphere was dreadfully close, so that even on deck at times it seemed difficult to breathe, while all around became darker and darker. Suddenly a sound like heavy thunder was heard in the distance.

"It is the beginning of the strife, the first gun fired in action. Look there, what do you say to that?" He pointed to a thick bank of foam which was seen rolling up through the dense gloom towards the devoted little vessel.

"Why, I suspect that we shall find ourselves in the midst of a sea which will pretty nearly swamp us," answered Adair.

On it came rolling and leaping, as if eager to destroy the little craft. No sooner did her head feel the force of the gale than off like a sea-bird on the wing she flew before it. The fore-staysail was now stowed, for from the fury of the tornado it would either have been

torn out of the bolt-ropes or run the vessel under water. On flew the little craft, the sea every minute getting up and the wind freshening.

The caution was not ill-timed. On came a monster sea, roaring astern. High above her quarters it rose, and down it rushed on her decks, well nigh swamping her. All the hatches had been secured, but, had not the ports been open, so as to allow the water immediately to run out, it would have swamped her. The half-drowned crew shook themselves as they once more emerged from the weight of water above them. Happily, none were washed away.

The little half sinking schooner dashed on amid the raging seas, now lifted up to the summit of one surrounded by hissing foam, now sinking down into the gloomy hollow between others which seemed as if they were about instantly to engulf her. Again another sea struck her, and had not every one held on tight to the rigging or bulwarks, her deck would have been cleared, as it made a clean wash fore and aft.

"We must not run this risk again!" exclaimed Murray. "All hands go below; one on deck is enough. I'll take the helm. No expostulation, Adair; remember I am commanding officer. I am determined to do it."

Adair with a bad grace was obliged to obey with the rest. They all went below, and Murray battened down the hatches. Lashing himself to the helm, he alone remained on deck through that fearful gale. The sea roared around the little vessel, the wind whistled through the shrouds, fierce lightnings darted from the dark, heavy clouds, the thunder rattled in deafening peals, while deluges of rain and spray flew about his head and almost blinded him. Yet, undaunted as at the first, he stood like some spirit of the storm at his dangerous post.

Those below tried to sleep, to pass away the time, but so fearful was the tumult that sleep refused to visit even the seaman's eyes. Hour after hour passed by. Still by the noise and the movement of the vessel it was too evident that the gale continued. Adair calculated that it must already be almost day. Just

then the vessel became more steady, and the noise of the storm considerably diminished. Adair was surprised that Murray did not take off the hatches. He was anxious to go on deck to relieve him. He knocked and knocked again on the skylight. He called and called out again and again. There was no answer. With frantic energy he attempted to burst open the skylight. The dreadful idea seized him that Murray, his brave and noble friend, had been washed overboard and lost.

He and his companions again knocked several times. Still there was no answer. They themselves were almost stifled with the heat of the atmosphere, and the odour of the rotting tobacco and monkey-skins which came from the hold. "This will never do," exclaimed Adair, becoming more and more alarmed for Murray's safety. "We must force the hatches off, or break our way through the skylight." They groped about and found a handspike which had been chucked down below. "Now, lads, heave ho!" cried Adair, and, getting the end under the skylight, with a loud crash they pried it off, and one after

the other sprang on deck. There stood Murray lashed to the helm, looking more like a man in a trance than one awake.

"Hello, where am I?" he exclaimed, gazing wildly around.

"On the deck of the *Venus*, old fellow," answered Terence, taking him by the hand. "Right gallantly you steered us through the gale, and as soon as it fell calm you dropped asleep, and small blame to you. We did the same below, and I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you safe: we all thought you had fallen overboard." Murray was very much surprised to find that he had slept so long and so soundly, but he soon gave evidence that he had not had enough rest, for Adair had a mattress brought up and stretched under an awning on deck, and the moment he placed his head on it he was off again as soundly as before.

"We must turn to at the pumps, sir," observed Needham, coming from below. "If we don't bear a hand, I fear the craft will sink under us." Such it appeared would probably be the case, but no one was daunted. All

set to work and laboured away as manfully as before. When Murray awoke he found that the schooner was again almost cleared of water. The last man to leave the pumps was Wasser. He was still labouring away, when down he sank on the deck. Murray and Adair ran to lift him up. He could scarcely open his eyes, and looked thoroughly worn out. They lifted the poor fellow to the mattress from which Murray had just risen, and as soon as the fire, which had gone out, could be lighted, they made some beef broth, which they poured down his throat. They also gave him a little rum. Alick and Terence differed as to which was the best restorative, but, unlike doctors in general, they agreed to minister them alternately. Paddy wanted to give them in equal proportions—that is to say, for every cup of broth Alick gave, he wanted to give a glass of grog; but, fortunately, to this arrangement Murray would not consent. He argued that one tumbler of grog, half-and-half, was stronger than a dozen basins of broth, and he would therefore allow only half a tumbler in the day. When Wasser was at

length able to speak, to Adair's astonishment, he declared in favour of the remedy of the rival practitioner, and Murray and his broth carried the day. In spite of the heat, Wasser had to be carried below, and all who could were glad to take shelter there, for down came the rain with terrific force, and continued without intermission, almost swamping the little vessel. Her crew had work enough to do all their time in keeping her clear of water, which poured in through the leaks in buckets full. For days and nights together no one had on a dry jacket. By such observations as they could manage to make, Murray and Adair began to suspect that all their seamanship was set to naught; for though they at times made some way through the water, they as quickly lost all the ground they had gained, and thus it became evident that there was a strong current against them.

"This is dreadfully trying," exclaimed Terence, after they had become convinced of this disagreeable fact. "Let us try and make the land again, and see whereabouts we are. Perhaps by hugging the shore we may be able

to get round Cape Oalmas, after all." Murray agreed to this proposal, although he was not very sanguine of success. He knew that the currents were probably as strong in shore as where they then were, but he hoped that they might possibly get a slant of wind off the land, enabling them to stem the current, and help them along round the Cape. Murray had been making his calculations on paper.

"I could scarcely have believed that we should have been so unfortunate," he observed, looking calmly up. "For the last six days we have not made good more than four or five miles—perhaps scarcely so much. I have no wish to pay another visit to Cape Coast Castle, though I dare say the old governor would be kind to us."

"I agree with you," answered Adair. "Let us stick at it. We must get the wind in our favour some day or other. It does not always blow from the nor'ard, I suppose."

Like true British sailors they did stick at it. Such is the spirit which has animated the numerous brave voyagers who have explored the arctic regions, the southern seas and the wide

spreading Pacific. At length the land was made. It was a long way, however, to the southward, or rather to the eastward of Cape Palmas. The wind fell soon afterwards, and slowly they drifted in towards the shore. Their glasses, as they approached, were directed at it, and they could see a number of blacks collected on the beach and evidently watching them. The part of the coast they were now off is called the Ivory Coast. As far as the eye could reach it was flat and monotonous, but along its whole extent appeared rich groves of cocoanut trees, extending a considerable distance inland. Here and there emblossomed by the cocoanut groves they could see small villages and separate buildings, the cottages with high conical roofs, thatched with palmetto leaves. To the east appeared a long thin spit of sand, separated from the main beach by a lagoon, into which several rivers and streams appeared to fall. As they approached the shore a terrific surf was seen rolling in towards it, and breaking with a loud roar on the sand.

“What will become of our little craft if we

get in among those breakers?" said Adair. "She will have hard work to swim, I suspect."

"I doubt if she will ever float through them," answered Murray. "If she does and we are stranded, which is the best fate we can then hope to happen to us, I fear that those black gentry on the shore will not give us a very friendly reception. They are flourishing their spears as if they would like to dig them into us."

"We shall be completely in their power, and, what is worse, we have not the means of showing fight," said Adair, watching the people on the shore through his glass. "They have some big canoes hauled up on the beach, and they seem disposed to launch them, and come in chase of us should the rollers not send us to them."

"I wish that there was a chance of that," exclaimed Murray; "I should have very little fear of them if they came to attack us. Ah! there's a puff of wind off the shore. Our blacks have discovered it. They are wetting their fingers and holding up their hands. We may yet be able to stand off the land."

The minutes passed slowly by. They were full of the most anxious suspense. Now the promised breeze died away, and the little vessel floated helplessly in towards the dreaded surf. Now it came on again, and she was able to get a little farther off, again to be left to drift back towards the land. Then, just as her case seemed hopeless, another puff would come, and all on board hoped that she would make a good offing. Had they possessed sweeps, with the help of the transient breeze, they might have got to a safe distance from the land. As to anchoring, that was out of the question. Even had there been bottom to be found with such an inset, their cable would not have held them for an instant. When the schooner got near enough to the shore, they saw that the natives were still watching them eagerly, and no sooner did the breeze return than preparations were made to launch their canoes. From the gestures of the blacks, Murray and Adair agreed that their intentions did not appear to be friendly, and therefore it would be wiser to avoid them altogether if they could, and at all events to be prepared

to receive them warmly should they overtake the schooner. Her progress was very slow, and there appeared too great a prospect of their doing this. Every preparation was therefore made for such a contingency. The wind was light, but it appeared to be increasing, and by degrees it was evident that the little craft was forging ahead more and more rapidly through the smooth shining ocean. The negroes on shore must have seen that their chance of overtaking her was every moment lessening, and they were observed to make several strenuous efforts to launch their canoes through the surf. The first two were capsized and sent back on the beach, which the people in her (or rather out of her) very easily regained, as if perfectly accustomed to that mode of proceeding. Again, however, the canoes were righted and launched, and that time four gained the open sea. The fifth was driven back, and probably received some damage, for she was not again launched. Four large canoes full of strong, active negroes, completely armed according to their own fashion, were antagonists not to be de-

spised; still it was evident that they had not firearms, or that if they had, they must have been rendered completely useless from the thorough drenching they must have got. Night was drawing on. The wind in a few minutes drew more round to the eastward, and gave signs of once more dropping. Of course, every inch of canvas the little *Venus* could carry was set on her, so that unless the breeze increased it was impossible to make her go faster than she was going through the water. As yet, she was keeping well ahead of the canoes. The two midshipmen anxiously watched the proceedings of the latter. The blacks in the stern sheets were standing up and gesticulating, flourishing their clubs and lances, and encouraging their companions. The sun at length went down, and with the last gleam of light shed by his rays they could see the canoes still in pursuit. Darkness, however, now rapidly rose over the deep, and hid them from their view. Murray wisely bethought him of altering the schooner's course more to the southward for a short time. Nearly an hour passed, and there were no

signs of the canoes. They had therefore little apprehension that they would overtake them. The schooner was hauled up again on a wind. The night passed away, and when morning broke neither the canoes nor the land were in sight.

"If the breeze lasts we may hope to regain the ground we lost last night," observed Murray. But it did not, and when once more they reached in towards the land, they found that they had made as little progress as before. Again, too, their provisions were running short. Though they might catch some fish, the supply was uncertain.

"We shall have to bear up again for Cape Coast Castle, after all, I am afraid," observed Adair to Murray. "And, really, Alick, if I were you, I would leave the old craft there, and let us find our way as best we can to Sierra Leone. Yet, of course, if you resolve to continue the voyage, I'll stick by you. You'll not think I hesitate about that point?"

"I know full well that you'd not desert me, Paddy, even if things were ten times as bad as they are," answered Murray. "But you

also know me well enough not to suppose that I would disobey my orders and abandon the schooner while she holds together. If she gets a slight repair, with a fresh supply of provisions, she will be as well able to perform the voyage as she was at first. There is no use starving, though; and as we have scarcely anything left to eat on board, we'll keep away at once for Cape Coast Castle."

The order to put up the helm was received with no little satisfaction by Needham and the rest, and in less than three days the schooner was riding safely at anchor before the old fort.

ON THE RAFT

THE heart of the bravest of men may well sink within him when he hears the cry uttered, in accents of despair, "The ship is sinking, the ship is sinking!" Rogers and Adair looked at each other, and thought that their last moment had really come. All the bright visions in the future which their young imaginations had long conjured up vanished in a moment. Well might they, for the ship lay hopelessly on her side, with more than half her deck under the water. There arose from every side shrieks and cries of terror. There were the distorted countenances of the blacks, as they crowded up the hatchway, through which the sea was pouring in torrents, while their own men, intent on preserving their lives to the last, were clambering up the bulwarks or working their way forward, which was the

part of the ship the highest out of the water. Hemming, followed by two midshipmen with axes in hand, endeavoured to gain the same part of the ship. It was no easy task. The howling wind blew with terrific violence around them, and the seething ocean bubbled up, and sent its fierce waves dashing over their heads. "Oh, save me, save me!" cried Adair, as a sea struck him and washed him down the deck; but Hemming and Rogers caught the rope he had happily clutched, and hauled him up again. At length they gained the forecandle, where most of their own crew had assembled, and some few of the unfortunate blacks. They were the only survivors of the four or five hundred human beings who lately breathed the breath of life on board. Mr. Hemming, looking around, saw that there was not a chance of the ship righting herself. He accordingly promptly issued orders for the formation of a raft. Such spars as were loose or could be got at were hauled up on the forecandle. The top-gallant masts and royals had been carried away, and fortunately still floated near; Jack saw them and

got them hauled in. Hemming meantime was wrenching up the forecastle deck to assist in the formation of a raft. There was not a moment to lose, for it was evident that the ship was fast settling down. Fortunately a hammer and some nails were found forward.

"Here, my lads, lash the ends of these spars together, so as to form a square," cried Hemming, working energetically. "That will do; now this one diagonally—that will strengthen it; now these planks; nail them on as we best can on the top. That will do bravely; next lash these lighter spars above all, they will form a coaming, and prevent us from slipping off the raft." Thus he went on, by his activity and cheerful voice keeping up the spirits of his men and encouraging them to exertion.

"Mr. Hemming," said Jack, "how are we to live without food? I must try to get some—who'll follow me?"

"I will, with all my heart," cried Dick Needham. Jack and he fastened ropes to their waists, and dashed aft towards the chief cabin, which was already under water. The

tornado had passed away as suddenly as it began, so that the water was tolerably smooth, or they could not have attempted this daring feat.

"I know where a cask of biscuits was stowed. If we can get it out, it will be a great thing," cried Jack, preparing to dive into the cabin.

"I saw some beef in one of the starboard lockers," said Needham, accompanying him. Another good swimmer and diver followed them. All three remained under water so long that those forward thought they were lost. Adair could not restrain himself, and was dashing aft, when Jack came to the surface puffing and blowing like a grampus. He had discovered the cask of biscuits, but no beef was to be found. What, however, was of great consequence was a breaker of water which Needham found, and both were floated up to the raft forward. Two other attempts were made to get provisions, but in vain. All the rest of the party were engaged with all their might in increasing and strengthening the raft. Then the cry arose, "She is going

down, she is going down!" Jack looked about him as he came to the surface out of the submerged cabin, and seeing that not a moment was to be lost, summoning his two followers, sprang forward. Adair, with outstretched hand, was ready to help him on to the raft as he felt the big ship sinking under his feet.

"Shove off, shove off, my lads!" sung out their commander. With spars and oars the seamen forced the raft away from the foundering hull. Then, as the eddy formed by the huge mass going downwards through the water caught it, the helpless raft was whirled round and round, and then horrible seemed the fate in store for them. One side dipped into the sea, and all believed that it was going to be drawn down amid the vortex. But, however, up it came to the surface, and floated evenly on the water. Still their condition was melancholy in the extreme. On counting numbers, it was found that fifteen men who formed the prize crew, including officers, had escaped, with two Spaniards out of those who had been left on board to assist in working the ship, and twelve negroes. To supply all

these people with food there was only a cask of biscuits and about twelve gallons of water. How long they might have to remain exposed to scorching heat, fierce storms, or chilling fogs, it was impossible to say. Jack looked at Adair, and Adair looked at Jack, to read each other's feelings in their countenances. They felt for each other as brothers, and each trembled for the fate which might overtake his friend.

"How far do you make it out we are from land?" asked Adair.

"Oh, not more than a hundred miles," answered Hemming. "That is nothing. The sea breezes would drive us in there in the course of the day."

He did not say this because he thought it; he wanted to keep up the spirits of the people under his charge. Nor did he remind them that they were five or six hundred miles from Free Town, Sierra Leone, and a very considerable distance from Manovia in Liberia. A fore-top-gallant studding-sail had been hauled on board the raft, and this set on a spar served them as a sail. As soon as

the ship had disappeared, and everything floating out of her had been picked up, Hemming's first care was to arrange the people so as to trim the raft properly. He made them sit in rows back to back, with faces to the sea. He, with Jack and Terence, sat in the centre by the mast on the cask of biscuits and the water. A spar with a plank nailed to the outer end served as a rudder, and two very inefficient oars were manufactured in the same way. For some hours after the tornado they were becalmed, and then a light air from the southward sprung up, which enabled them to steer towards the land. After some consideration, Hemming stood up and addressed the men; Jack and Adair admired the calm and collected, and, indeed, dignified way in which he spoke, so different from his manner when he was a mate. "My men," he said, "we are placed by Providence in a very dangerous position. We must trust to the help of the Almighty, not to our own arms; to save us; still we must exert ourselves to the best of our power to take care of our lives; we must husband our resources, we must behave with the

utmost order, we must be kind to each other, and we must keep up our spirits and hope for the best. If we pray to God, He will hear us, and if He sees fit, He will save us. Now, my lads, let us pray." On this the lieutenant offered up a sincere prayer for their preservation, and all who could understand him joined in. Even the benighted blacks comprehended that he was performing some rite by which they were to benefit. After it Hemming again got up. "I told you, my lads, we must husband our resources. Till we see what progress we make, it will be wise to take only one biscuit a day. That will support life for some days, and if we take more our stock will soon be exhausted." The men replied cheerfully that they would limit themselves to any quantity he thought best. Poor fellows, they were to be sorely tried: the sun went down, and an easterly wind blew, and not only prevented them from approaching the coast, but again drove them slowly off it. When the sun rose the wind fell altogether, and they lay exposed to the full fury of its scorching rays. A thirst, which the small quantity of water

served out in a teacup during the day could in no way assuage, now attacked them. Jack and Adair felt their spirits sinking lower than they had ever gone before. They could scarcely eat their small allowance of biscuit. They knew too that in another day the bottom of the cask would be reached. Still they tried to imitate Hemming in keeping a cheerful countenance. Many of the people complained bitterly of their sufferings. The poor blacks said nothing, but three of them almost at the same moment sank back on the raft, and when those near them tried to lift them up, they were found to be dead. They were speedily lowered into the water.

"Adair, what is that?" asked Jack, as a dark fin was seen gliding round the raft.

"A shark," answered Adair. "See, there are two, three, four of them. We must have one of those fellows. They will eat us if we don't eat them, that is very certain. Here, Needham, have a running bowline ready to slip over the head of the first who comes near enough." The idea was taken up eagerly by the men; there being plenty of line on board,

several of them sat ready with the bight of a rope in hand, hoping to catch one of those evil-disposed monsters of the deep. But death in the meantime was busy among their companions. One by one the blacks dropped off, till one only remained. He was a fine-looking, intelligent young man, of great muscular strength, and evidently superior to the rest in rank. He sat by himself, slowly looking with steadfast eyes toward the land of his birth. Once more the wind got up, and sent the water washing over the frail raft, which worked fearfully, as if it would come to pieces.

"Never fear, my lads," said Hemming, "I know of no part which might give way. It will hold together, depend on that." In spite of all the workings it did hold together. Hemming's face, though his words were always cheering, looked very grave. "Roger, Adair, my friends," he said solemnly, "the water is expended, and there are no more biscuits—how shall I announce it to these poor fellows?" He thought a little. "Come, lads," he cried out, "be smart about catching some fish; a change of food will do us all good."

No one asked for more biscuits or water; they knew it was all gone. Some gave way under the appalling thought. One of the Spaniards went raving mad, and threw himself into the sea, whence no one had strength to pull him out; the other fell back and died quietly.

"Some of our men won't hold out much longer," observed Jack to Hemming; "can we do nothing for them?"

"Nothing," answered Hemming, solemnly. The cool air of the night seemed to revive them; but when the hot sun came out, and shone down on their unprotected heads they died. Two more went raving mad. They chattered and sung, and then howled and shrieked. It was with difficulty they could be held down. One of them escaped from his companions, and threw himself into the sea. The other was prevented from following his example, but his strength gradually decreased till he also died. Scarcely was his body sent into the deep than a fair wind sprung up, and the sail being hoisted, the raft went along at the rate of three or four miles an hour. No

one had relaxed their efforts to catch a shark. A shout was given (not a loud one, for their voices were already hollow and weak), and several men were seen hauling in the head and shoulders of a large shark. How eager and anxious was the expression on their countenances, for they all dreaded their prize to escape them. Their strength too was scarcely adequate to the task. At last he was hauled up on the raft, but so violent were his struggles that he nearly threw some of the people into the sea as they crawled up to him to despatch him with their axes. At last Jack, not knowing what mischief might be committed, sprang towards him, and aiming a blow at his tail struck directly on it, and instantly he was quieted. Scarcely was the monster dead than the men's knives were cutting away at him. Some drank his blood, and others eagerly ate the yet-quivering flesh. The officers, however ravenous they felt, got some thin slices, which they dried in the sun before eating. Food had thus been providentially sent them, but their sufferings from thirst soon became very painful. It was piteous to hear some of

the poor fellows crying out for water when there was none to give them. Several more died from the grievous thirst they were suffering. Mr. Hemming anxiously looked round the horizon. Not a sail was in sight in any direction. Hour after hour passed away. Their tongues became parched, and clove to the roofs of their mouths.

"This is dreadful," whispered Jack; "I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"I would give a guinea for a bottle of ginger beer," exclaimed Terence.

"Oh, how delicious! don't talk of such a thing. I would give ten for a pint of the dirtiest ditch-water in which a duck ever waddled," said Jack; "however, we must try and not think about it."

Some hours passed slowly by after this, when Hemming's eye was seen to brighten up.

"Is there a sail in sight?" asked Jack and Adair, who were constantly watching his looks.

"No," he answered; "but there is a cloud in the horizon. It is a small one, but it rises slowly in the northwest, and I trust betokens

rain. If it does not bring wind at the same time, our sufferings may be relieved.”

How anxiously all on the craft, who had yet consciousness left, watched the progress of that little cloud, at first not bigger than a man's hand. How their hearts sank within them when they thought that it had stopped, or that its course was altered; but it had not stopped, though it advanced but slowly. Still it grew and grew, and extended wider and wider on either hand, and grew darker and darker till it formed a black canopy over their heads; and then there was a pattering, hissing noise heard over the calm sea, and down came the rain in large drops thick and fast. The men lifted up their grateful faces to heaven to catch the refreshing liquid in their mouths as it fell, but Hemming lowered the sail, and, ordering the men to stretch it wide, caught the rain in it, and let it run off into the breaker until that was full; then they filled the cask which had held the biscuit, each man took off his shirt, and let it get wet through and through, and eagerly they sucked the sail, so that not a drop more than could be helped of

the precious fluid should be lost. Then, when they found that the rain continued, each man took a draught of the pure water from the cask, which they again filled up as before by means of the sail.

"Oh, Terence, how delicious!" exclaimed Jack, drawing a deep breath.

"Nectar," said Adair, draining a last drop in his cup. It was of a doubtful brown hue, and in reality tepid from falling on the not over clean hot sail.

Jack and Terence learned the lesson, that the value of things can only be ascertained by being compared with others. The shower was the means sent by Providence to preserve the lives of many of those on the raft. Some were already too far gone to benefit by it. They opened their glassy eyes, and allowed their shipmates to pour the water down their parched throats; they seemed to revive for a short time, but soon again sunk, and some even died while the water was trickling over their cracked lips. All this time the raft was constantly surrounded by sharks. The flesh of the first caught was almost exhausted, and,

though dried in the sun, had become rather unsavoury.

"Come, my lads, we must have another of those fellows," cried Hemming, standing up, and supporting himself against the mast. "Can any of you heave the bight of a rope over one of them?"

"I'll try, sir," said Dick Needham, kneeling at the edge of the raft, for he had not strength to stand. How changed he was from the stout seaman he had appeared but a few days before. He made several trials in vain. Jack shark always kept at too great a distance when the rope was thrown. At last one of the seamen took off his shoes, and, tucking up his trousers, stuck out his leg, and moved it slowly backwards and forwards. The voracious shark saw the tempting bait, and made a dash at it. The seaman drew it in, and as the fish, disappointed of his prize, turned round, whisking up his tail out of the water, Needham adroitly hove the rope over it. As the shark darted off, Dick was very nearly drawn overboard, but the rope, tightening, brought up the shark, and as he turned round

to ascertain what had got hold of his tail, another rope was thrown over his head, and he was hauled, in spite of his plunges and struggles, on board. A few blows on the spine, near the tail, quickly finished him. He was soon cut up, some part of him was eaten fresh, and the rest was hung up to dry. The men would have thrown what they did not want overboard, but their commander reminded them that bad weather might come on when they could not catch another, and that they should preserve a store for such an event. It was fortunate this forethought was shown, for that very night a strong breeze sprung up, and the frail raft was tossed up and down, till there appeared every chance of its upsetting or being knocked to pieces. Happily more rain came down and refreshed them, and the clouds sheltered them from the scorching rays of the sun, or not one of them would have held out. Sadly were their numbers reduced. Ten Englishmen and the young African chief only now remained alive. Some of them appeared almost at death's door, and they would have slipped from the raft had not their com-

rades held them on. Darkness again came down on the waters, and the wave-tossed raft drove onwards, no one knew in what direction. The stars were hidden—they had no compass—nor had they possessed one was there a lantern by which to see it. Great were the horrors of that night and of two succeeding nights; still neither did the gallant Hemming nor his two younger companions allow their courage to desert them. They conversed as much as they could, they talked of their past lives, they even spoke of the future; nor did they forget to pray to heaven for strength to support whatever might yet be in store for them. Still, the wet and cold of the night and the heat of the day, were telling fearfully on all of them.

“When do you think we shall reach the shore, sir?” asked Jack. “We have been driving for a long time towards it nicely.”

“In two days, if the wind holds,” answered Hemming; “perhaps in less time we may sight it.”

But the wind did not hold. Once more they knew they were being blown off it. Their

hearts sank. They well-nigh gave way to despair. Each of the officers took it in turns to stand up to keep a lookout for a sail or for land. Jack was standing on the top of the cask, holding on by the mast, when his eye fell on a white glittering object to the northward.

"Yes, it is! it is!" he exclaimed; "a sail! a sail! she must be standing this way." All but the weakest or most desponding turned their anxious eyes in the direction Jack indicated. The sight of some was already too dim to discern her; but others raised a feeble shout, and declared that she was standing close hauled towards them. How eagerly they watched her, till their anxiety became painful in the extreme. Some shouted, "We shall be saved! we shall be saved!" but others moaned out, "No, no, she'll not see us, she will pass us." Hemming stood up, watching the approaching vessel near them. One hour of intense anxiety passed. There was very little wind. Another glided on.

"Yes, my lads, she is undoubtedly standing this way," cried Hemming. "But——" and

he stopped: "she may be a slaver; and, if so, I know not whether we should be better off than we now are."

"Surely, bad as they may be, they would not leave us," said Jack.

"Don't be too sure of that. There is nothing too bad for slavers to do," observed Hemming; "however, let us hope for the best."

The stranger approached. She had very square yards, very white canvas, and a black hull. If she was not a slaver she looked very like one. Still even had they wished it they could not have avoided her. On she came. Her course would have taken her somewhat wide of the raft. It was not seen, apparently. Then suddenly her course was altered. Some one on board had made them out. The brig stood towards them. When she was scarcely more than half a mile off it fell dead calm. A boat was lowered.

"Those fellows pull in a man-of-war's style," observed Hemming. "Grant she may be an English cruiser: but I fear not."

The almost dying seamen endeavoured to cheer, but their weak voices were scarcely

heard over the waters. The boat dashed towards them. They could hear the officer in her speaking to his men. It was in Spanish.

"Then they are slavers, after all," cried Jack, with a sigh.

He had taken a great antipathy to slavers. To an Englishman no class of men are more hateful. The boat came alongside. The people in her regarded them with looks of commiseration. Well they might have done so; for more wretched-looking beings could scarcely have been seen. Two of them stepped on board the raft, to which they secured a rope, and began towing it toward the brig. Neither Hemming nor any of his companions could speak Spanish, so they asked no questions. They were soon alongside the brig and were handed up on deck. They felt sure they were going on board a slaver or perhaps a pirate; but what was their surprise to see several officers in uniform on deck, one of whom stepped forward and addressed them in very good English: "You are on board her most Catholic Majesty's brig the *San Fernando*.

We will not ask you how you came into this plight. You shall be taken below, and all possible care shall be bestowed on you."

Hemming tried in vain to reply to this very kind and polite speech. He pointed to his mouth and signified that he could not speak. The necessity for exertion being over, he felt himself completely unnerved.

The officers were conveyed to the captain's cabin; the men to a sick bay on deck: and the surgeon, if not very clever, was kind; and what they chiefly wanted was rest and food. Jack and Terence fell asleep, and slept twenty-four hours without waking, so they said. Several days passed, however, before they were able to sit up in their beds. At last they were able to crawl up on deck. It was wonderful then how soon they picked up their strength. Hemming took longer to come round. Dick Needham was about as soon as they were. Two poor fellows died on board, so that eight only of the prize crew ultimately remained alive.

THE *TITANIC* DISASTER

THAT marvel of naval architecture, the *Titanic*, a thing of wonderful grace and strength, left Southampton on Wednesday, April 11th, 1912, bound for New York. It was her maiden voyage, and many passengers had delayed, or hurried, their sojourn in England, in order that they might cross the Atlantic on this floating palace.

The magnitude of this great ship almost passes the power of imagining, but the following figures give some idea of her greatness. Her gross tonnage was 46,328, and net 21,831; length, 852 feet, and breadth, 92 feet; hold, 60 feet deep, and length from keel to beam 64 feet; horse-power, 50,000. The vessel had three screws, and owing to her many watertight bulkheads and inner bottom, was supposed to be unsinkable. She was provided with six separate sets of boilers, telephones,

wireless outfit, electric power and submarine signalling systems; electric elevators, swimming baths, tennis courts, concert rooms, libraries, etc. In fact, she had been fitted with everything that science and ingenuity could suggest for the safety and comfort of her passengers.

The great ship called at Cherbourg and Queenstown, and then the course was set for New York, taking the usual outward-bound route. On the fourth day out from Southampton warnings were received by wireless from S.S. *Caronia* and *Baltic* that icebergs and field ice had been seen in large quantities. These warnings were significant, because it is very unusual for field ice so far south.

All was quiet on board, and only the officers and men who were on duty were about. Suddenly there was a quiet thud, and soon the engine ceased vibrating. The sleepers were aroused by the unusual stillness, and ran from their staterooms to discover the cause, only to be told that all was well. Most of them returned to their cabins.

But all was not well. The *Titanic* had been

rushing through the water, making twenty-one knots an hour, and had dashed into a gigantic iceberg. In less than a quarter of a minute more than three hundred feet of her plates had been opened, and the hole was being flooded by tons and tons of water.

The first officer, who was on the bridge, had realized too late that the ship was confronted by a huge mass of ice. He quickly ordered the port propeller to be reversed, and full speed ahead on the starboard propeller, also the water-tight doors to be closed, but almost before these orders could be carried out came the collision, the great ship running upon a spur of the iceberg, which protruded under the surface of the water.

The captain ran to the bridge, and at once directed the carpenter to sound the ship. When his report was received, he ordered the wireless operator to send out calls for help. The S O S and C Q D signals were picked up almost immediately by the *Carpathia*, which was seventy-eight miles away. She learned the position of the *Titanic*. and proceeded at once to her assistance.

Such was the faith of the passengers in the absolute safety of the *Titanic* under any circumstances, that they had no thought of danger, and, indeed, but few of them were awake. The captain knew that their peril would be greatly increased if they should be panic-stricken, so no information as to what had actually happened was given to any of them.

At length, realizing from the reports which he was receiving from below that the ship was really sinking, the captain gave orders for the passengers to be assembled on deck. And even when they were first gathered together the belief of most of them in the unsinkability of the great steamship was unshaken. Some of them even complained at having been requested to leave their comfortable cabins.

The ship listed to starboard, and was settling rapidly forward. The steam sirens were now blowing, the engines working at pumping out the water, and rockets were sent up from the bridge. The captain rushed one of the officers below to see how fast the water was coming in, and directed him to place armed guards over the engineers and stokers to see

that they kept at their posts. (Happily, the latter order proved to be entirely unnecessary.) And still the passengers were not alarmed.

The officer soon returned, reporting that the bottom was filling quickly, and that the locks on the water-tight doors were useless, all having been sprung.

At this the captain ordered that all the passengers put on life-belts, and now came the first real feeling of fear among them. On both the steerage and the upper decks the officers ordered the women and children to be separated from the men, the former to muster on the boat-deck. Lifeboats and collapsible boats were made ready, and their crews shipped. The cry rang out: "Women and children first," and, to their honor, the men either stood calmly by, or assisted the women and children into the boats, which they helped to lower into the water. Only once was there anything like a panic, and this was when a few foreign immigrants among the steerage passengers attempted to force their way into one of the boats. An officer ordered them to

stand back and make way for the women. They persisted, and he fired two shots, and this ended the confusion.

To cheer the women who were leaving their husbands, and the men who were staying behind, the orchestra played lively tunes. Heroes all were the musicians.

And heroes were the engineers and stokers, who labored hard in their appointed places, keeping the engines going so that the pumps could continue working, and the dynamos running to supply electricity for the wireless, and light for all.

Heroes also were the two Marconi operators, J. G. Phillips and Harold Bride, who continued to send out messages to the very end. Other ships than the *Carpathia* had received the calls for help, and sent word that they were hastening to the rescue. The Allan liner *Virginia*, 170 miles away; the *Baltic*, 200 miles to the eastward; the *Olympic*, at a distance of 300 miles, received the latitude and longitude of the *Titanic*, and these and other ships were headed for the spot.

The captain at length warned the operators

that the dynamos would not hold out much longer, telling them that they had done their full duty. Phillips refused to leave the keys, and Bride, thinking of his friend's safety, left the cabin and secured lifebelts for both of them. They were notified to leave their post, for they could do no more. The water had reached the wireless room, but still the two courageous men waited. Phillips went down with the ship, losing his life in his gallant effort to save others. Bride reached the deck at the last moment.

All of the boats had now left the ship, but there were about fifteen hundred souls still on board, for whom there had been no room in the boats. The orchestra was still heard, but they were playing hymns now, which many of those left behind joined in singing.

The scene now is almost beyond imagination. The stern of the *Titanic* towered high in the air. From one of the great funnels came a mass of sparks and smoke; one by one the engines broke loose, the boilers exploding with terrific noise. The captain had stuck to the bridge until carried away by the rising

water, and his last words were: "Every man save himself."

The boats were a few hundred yards from the ship, out of danger from the suction, awaiting the end. What a sight for those who had been saved from destruction! There was the great mass standing out of the water like a tower, the lights which still beamed brilliantly showing human beings clinging desperately to whatever they could hold on to. They heard the sharp crack of the decks as they bent and broke; heard the explosions which followed one another in quick succession, and, worst of all, the shouts and cries of loved ones left behind.

The great ship, this wonder of the ocean, disappeared beneath the water, and where the *Titanic* had been were hundreds of people struggling for life.

There were still more acts of heroism shown. Some of the men managed to swim to a boat, and on finding that it was already overcrowded, rather than imperil the safety of its occupants, they deliberately turned away, and sank in the icy water.

The survivors in the boats, suffering mentally and physically, were rescued by the *Carpathia* about 5.30 A. M. The *Titanic* had on board two thousand three hundred and one souls, and of these seven hundred and twenty were saved, several of whom died later as a result of shock and exposure. She struck the iceberg at 11.40 P. M., Sunday, April 14th, and sank about two and a half hours later.

Many men and women distinguished themselves by their coolness and bravery while the tragedy was being enacted, especially Major Archibald Butt, whose soldierly courage was of the greatest help to Captain Smith and his officers in directing the work of saving the women and children.

At the very time of the sinking of the *Titanic*, the intrepid members of the orchestra were playing the beautiful and appropriate hymn, "Autumn."

God of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain;
Hear a mournful, broken spirit
Prostrate at Thy feet complain.

Many are my foes, and mighty;
Strength to conquer have I none;
Nothing can uphold my goings
But Thy blessed Self alone.

Saviour, look on Thy beloved,
Triumph over all my foes;
Turn to heavenly joy my mourning,
Turn to gladness all my woes;
Live or die, or work or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by Thy side.

When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin and guilt and death and Satan,
All against my soul combined,
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above—
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace and everlasting love.

SINKING THE PIRATE PROA

THE strength of the monsoon had blown over, and Captain M——, in pursuance of his orders, beat across the Bay of Bengal for the Straits of Sumatra, where he expected to fall in with some of the enemy's privateers, who obtained their supplies of water in that direction. After cruising for six weeks, without success, they fell in with an armed English vessel, who informed them that she had been chased by a large pirate proa, and had narrowly escaped — acquainting Captain M—— with the islet from which she had sailed out in pursuit of them, and to which she had in all probability returned.

Captain M——, naturally anxious to scour the seas of these cruel marauders, who showed no quarter to those who had the misfortune

to fall into their hands, determined to proceed in quest of this vessel, and, after a week's unsuccessful reconnoitre of the various islets which cover the seas in that quarter, one morning discovered from the mast-head, on his weather beam, a proa sailing and rowing down towards the frigate, to ascertain whether she was a vessel that she might attack.

The *Aspasia* was disguised as much as possible, and the pirates were induced to approach within a distance of two miles, when, perceiving their mistake, they lowered their sails, and, turning the head of their vessel in the opposite direction, pulled away from the frigate, right in the wind's eye. The breeze freshened, and all possible sail was crowded on the *Aspasia* to overtake them, and, although, at the close of the day, they had not neared her much, the bright moon enabled them to keep the vessel in view during the night. Early in the morning (the crew being probably exhausted from their incessant labour) she kept away for some islets broad upon the *Aspasia's* weather bow, and came to an anchor in a small cove between the rocks,

which sheltered her from the guns of the frigate.

Captain M—— considered it his duty at all risk to destroy the proa; and hoisting out the boats, he gave the command to his first lieutenant, with strict injunctions how to deal with such treacherous and ferocious enemies. The launch was under repair at the time, and could not be employed; but the barge, pinnace, and two cutters were considered fully adequate to the service. Courtenay was second in command in the pinnace; Seymore had charge of the cutter; and, at his own particular request, Prose was entrusted with the other.

"I do declare, I think that I should like to go," observed Prose when he first heard that the vessel was to be cut out.

"Why, you ought, Prose," replied Seymore; "you have never been on service yet."

"No—and you and I are the only two passed midshipmen in the ship." (Seymore and Prose had both passed their examinations when the *Aspasia* was at Bombay.) "I think I have a right to one of the boats."

So thought the first lieutenant, when he made his application, and he obtained the command accordingly.

The boats shoved off as soon as the men had swallowed their breakfasts, and in less than an hour were but a short distance from the proa, which proved to be one of the largest size. A discharge of landgrage from one of the two long brass guns mounted on her prow flew amongst the boats without taking effect. A second discharge was more destructive, three of the men in the boat which Prose commanded being struck down, bleeding, under the thwarts—the oars, which they had not relinquished their hold of when they fell, being thrown high up in air.

“Halloa! I say—all catching crabs together?” cried Prose.

“Caught something worse than a crab, sir,” replied the coxswain. “Wilson, are you much hurt?”

“The rascals have let daylight in, I’m afraid,” answered the man, faintly.

“Well, I do declare, I’d no idea the poor fellows were wounded. Coxswain, take one

of the oars, and I'll steer the boat, or we shall never get alongside. I say, Mr. Jolly, can't you pull?"

"Yes, sir, upon a pinch," answered the marine whom he addressed, laying his musket on the stern-sheets, and taking one of the unmanned oars.

"Well, there now, give away."

But the delay occasioned by this mishap had left the cutter far astern of the other boats, who, paying no attention to her, had pulled alongside, and boarded the vessel. The conflict was short, from the superior numbers of the English, and the little difficulty in getting on board of a vessel with so low a gunwale. By the time that Prose came alongside in the cutter the pirates were either killed, or had been driven below. Prose jumped on the gunwale, flourishing his cutlass—from the gunwale he sprang on the deck, which was not composed of planks, as in vessels in general, but of long bamboos running fore and aft, and lashed together with rattans; and as Prose descended upon the rounded surface, which happened where he alighted to be slippery with

blood, his feet were thrown up, and he came down on the deck in a sitting posture.

"Capital jump, Mr. Prose," cried Courtenay; "but you have arrived too late to shed your blood in your country's cause—very annoying, ain't it?"

"O Lord!—O Lord!—I do declare—oh—oh—oh!" roared Prose, attempting to recover his feet, and then down again.

"Good heavens, what's the matter, Prose?" cried Seymore, running to his assistance.

"Oh, Lord!—oh, Lord!—another—oh!"—again cried Prose, making a half spring from the deck, from which he was now raised from by Seymour, who again inquired what was the matter? Prose could not speak—he pointed his hand behind him, and his head fell upon Seymour's shoulder.

"He's wounded, sir," observed one of the men who had joined Seymour, pointing to the blood which ran from the trousers of Prose in a little rivulet. "Be quick, Mr. Seymour, and get on the gunwale, or they'll have you too." The fact was, that the deck being composed of bamboos, as already described, one

of the pirates below had passed his creese through the spaces between them into Prose's body when he came down on deck in a sitting posture, and had repeated the blow when he failed to recover his feet after the first wound.

One of the seamen, who had not provided himself with shoes, now received a severe wound; and after Prose had been handed into one of the boats, a consultation was held as to the most eligible method of proceeding.

It was soon decided that it would be the extreme of folly to attack such desperate people below, where they would have a great advantage with their creeses over the cutlasses of the seamen; and as there appeared no chance of inducing them to come up, it was determined to cut the cables, and tow the vessel alongside of the frigate, who could sink her with a broadside.

The cables were cut, and a few men being left on board to guard the hatchways, the boats commenced towing out; but scarcely had they got way on her when, to their astonishment, a thick smoke was followed by flames bursting with a rapidity that seemed incredible. From

the deck the fire mounted to the rigging; thence to the masts and sails, and before the boats could be backed astern to take them out, those who had been left were forced to leap into the sea to save themselves from the devouring element. The pirates had themselves set fire to the vessel. Most of them remained below, submitting to suffocation with sullen indifference. Some few, in the agony of combustion, were perceived, through the smoke, to leap overboard, and seek in preference a less painful death. The boats laid upon their oars, and witnessed the scene in silence and astonishment.

"Desperate and determined to the last," observed the first lieutenant.

In a few minutes the proa, whose fabric was of the slightest materials, filled, and went down. The last column of smoke, divided from her by the water, ascended in the air as she sunk down below, and nought remained but a few burnt fragments of bamboo, which lay floating on the wave. A few seconds after the vessel had disappeared, one of the pirates rose on the surface.

"There is a man alive yet," observed Courtenay. "Let us save him if we can."

The boat, by his directions, pulled a few strokes of the oars, and, having rather too much way, shot ahead, so as to bring the man close to the counter of the boat. Courtenay leaned over the gunwale to haul him in; the malignant wretch grasped him by the collar with his left hand, and with his right hand darted his creese into Courtenay's breast; then, as if satisfied, with an air of mingled defiance and derision, immediately sunk under the bottom of the pinnace, and was seen no more.

"Ungrateful viper!" murmured Courtenay, as he fell into the arms of his men.

The boats hastened back to the frigate; they had but few men hurt, except those mentioned in our narrative; but the wounds of Courtenay and of Prose were dangerous. The creeses of the pirates had been steeped in the juice of the pineapple, which, when fresh applied, is considered as a deadly poison. The *Aspasia* soon afterwards anchored in Madras Roads, and a removal to a more invigorating

clime was pronounced essential to the recovery of the two officers. Courtenay and Prose were invalided, and sent home in an East Indiaman, but it was months before they were in a state of convalescence.

THE LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*

A STORY of military heroism that has to do with the sea is the wreck of the *Birkenhead*. It is a thing that for bravery in the face of certain death will never be forgotten.

The *Birkenhead* had taken a detachment of soldiers to Cape Town, in South Africa, during the Kaffir War, in the early part of 1852. She left Cape Town by the end of February to take another detachment to Algoa Bay. There were on board about five hundred soldiers, a number of whom were accompanied by their wives and children. Of the crew there were one hundred and thirty-two.

It was a beautiful night; the sea was fairly smooth, and the moon and stars were shining brightly, showing distinctly the shore, which was barely more than three miles away. All was quiet, with the exception of the noise

caused by the paddle wheels as they churned the water, and that made by the engines in their revolutions. Suddenly there was a shock which jarred the whole ship, as she struck upon a reef of rocks. The water rushed in volumes through the bottom of the boat, bringing death to near a hundred men, who had been peacefully sleeping in their hammocks. What a change had come upon the scene in the twinkling of an eye! Before, all had been calm and quiet, now all was disorder and commotion, and the screaming of women and children, thus rudely awakened from slumber, was heard.

The captain hastened to the deck. He saw at once that the ship was doomed, and that prompt action was all that could save any of the lives for which he was, in a way, responsible. He at once signalled the engineer to stop the engines, and ordered that all of the boats be lowered, and that the anchor be let go.

Colonel Seton, who was in command of the soldiers, also did his part to avoid confusion. He issued orders that all soldiers and

officers assemble on the deck in company order, and soon they were standing as though on parade. Of these he ordered a number to be detached to assist in working the pumps; others were put to the work of lowering the boats; the rest calmly stood at ease. Orders were given that women and children should be saved first.

It was unfortunate that just at this time the captain of the vessel, who evidently had found out the full extent of the damage, ordered the engineer to try and back off the rocks, with full speed astern. The engines moved, and part of the ship slid off the rocks, thereby merely hastening the end, for another hole was made immediately under the engine, into which the water rushed. If there was hope before, there was none now.

And now was a display of heroism such as but seldom is witnessed. The men helped the women and children into the boats, knowing that by doing this they could not save themselves. Colonel Seton, perhaps fearing that the temptation to save their own lives might be too much for his men, stood on deck

with his sword drawn. But he need have had no fear, for not a soldier stirred from his post. Those who had been told to work, worked their hardest, well knowing, as they did, that it would not be themselves who would be saved by their own efforts. All the soldiers stood still to the last, calmly awaiting their fate.

The women and children were safe in the boats; the *Birkenhead* was fast breaking up, but not a man quailed, nor sought to save himself. Those of the soldiers who had assisted in manning the pumps were now ordered to join their comrades. This was quietly and quickly done, and there they stood on the poop deck steadfastly awaiting the end which they knew must soon come.

The captain of the vessel called out for all those who were left to jump overboard, but Colonel Seton and his officers knew that this would imperil the boats which were already loaded, because the men in the water would naturally endeavor to catch hold of them, and this would probably overturn them. This danger they pointed out to the motionless he-

roes, and, to the everlasting glory of these soldiers, not a man moved from the ranks. All the more so because the colonel did not make this an order, but merely a request. The ship had now broken in two, and the fore part sunk, so that only half of the vessel was out of water. The stern tilted more and more and then suddenly, with a terrible roll, the half of the ship upon which they were standing slipped from the rock, and was swallowed by the sea. Captain Salmond, commander of the *Birkenhead*, who had stuck to the ship with the soldiers, was struck by a piece of wreckage, rendered unconscious, and drowned.

Where the ship had been was now a mass of struggling men. Part of the mainmast was standing out of the water, and to this perhaps four men were clinging. Others were striving to catch hold of pieces of wood which were floating about. To add to the horror of the scene, many sharks appeared, and these took toll of many who were now wrestling for their lives.

In the meantime the three boats made for the shore, it being the intention to land those

who had been saved, and then return to the scene of the wreck to pick up the survivors. The cutter, largest of the boats, led the way, and on nearing the shore it was almost overturned by the huge breakers, among which it was well-nigh helpless. Only expert seamanship enabled the master's assistant, who was in charge, to take the cutter out of the raging surf. Directing the other boats to wait, he followed the coast for several miles, seeking a spot where they might safely land, but no place was found.

Morning dawned, and a schooner was sighted. The cutter made after her, those on board hoping to attract her attention. But in this they failed, and the schooner was soon out of sight. Weary and heart-sick at this disappointment, they made their way back towards the land, on the way passing the scene of the wreck. Not a man was there. Had they been rescued during the night by some passing ship, or had none of them had sufficient strength to retain hold upon the wreckage? Or, gruesome thought, had the fearsome sharks been the means of their end?

Just then one of the men saw the schooner again, and this time their signal was answered. She soon reached them, and those in the cutter were overjoyed to see on board the occupants of the other two boats.

They went up and down the coast looking for possible survivors of the wreck, but none was found. After a thorough search, the schooner set out for Simon's Bay, having on board one hundred and sixteen who had been saved from the *Birkenhead*.

But not all who had remained on board the ill-fated vessel were lost. Some who had taken hold of the mainmast fell into the sea and were drowned, having been forced through sheer exhaustion to loosen their hold. Others, clinging to bits of the wreckage, had been carried through the surf, and so reached shore. Some, alas, had been killed by sharks.

With the dawning light, those who had had strength to retain their grasp upon the mast all through that dreadful night were rewarded by the sight of a ship sailing in their direction. They were seen, and a rescuing party soon had them on board.

Of six hundred and thirty-one souls who had been on the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, four hundred and forty lost their lives, but among these was not one woman or child.

As long as the world endures, the story of those heroes who willingly gave up their own lives to save others will not be forgotten. The story of the *Birkenhead* is an everlasting monument to the gallant soldiers and sailors who gave to the world so magnificent an example of true courage.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS

FOR ten days we had fine weather and light winds, but a southerly gale sprung up and drove us to the northward, and then I then found out what it was to be at sea. Of course I had to do duty, as before, aloft; and following Derrick's advice was of service, or, one night, while furling topsails, and when the ship was pitching tremendously, I should certainly have been killed. On a sudden I found myself jerked right off the yard; but I fortunately had hold of the gasket, which I was passing round the mizzen topsail, and by it hauled myself up again, and finished the work. After the gale had lasted a week, the wind came round from the northward, and bitter cold it was. We then stood on rather further to the north than the usual track, I believe.

It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch, from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half-an-hour when the lookout forward sang out, "Ship ahead—starboard—hard-a-starboard!"

These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather rigging. "A ship!" he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is, rather, and—— All hands wear ship," he shouted in a tone which showed there was not a moment to lose.

The watch sprang to the braces and bow-lines while the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins: the helm was kept up, and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be brailed up, and the topsail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered

the cause of these manœuvres; for before the ship had quite wore round I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the lookout man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which had proved in reality to be a vast iceberg; and attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field of very extensive floes of ice, against which the ship would have run had it not been discovered in time, and would in all probability instantly have gone down with every one on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness it was dangerous to sail either way: for it was impossible to say what other floes or smaller cakes of ice might be in the neighbourhood, and we might probably be on them before they could be seen. We therefore remained hove-to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by Derrick.

When daylight broke the next morning, the dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared large floes of ice, with several icebergs floating like mountains on a plain among

them; while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the northeast, through which we must have come. What made our position more perilous was that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose if we would effect our escape.

As the light increased we saw, at the distance of three miles to the westward, another ship in a far worse predicament than we were, inasmuch as she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage should it remain open long enough. She by this time had discovered her own perilous condition, as we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress, and we heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard to our own safety compelled us to disregard them till we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assist-

ance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for in that case we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship could carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this could occur. It was a chance, whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was not so much occupied with our own danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel a deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizzen-top, and as I possessed a spy-glass I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still, on

it came with terrible force; and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together.

The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up; but it was not so, I suspect. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in, her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments—her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull and spars and canvas seemed drawn suddenly downwards with irresistible force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice.

I looked anxiously: not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the four hundred and forty

human beings on board this ship ere many minutes more are over.

I believe that I was the only person on board who witnessed the catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress.

Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the parts we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held fair; and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in on us, it yet favoured our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports; but though at times it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction.

Every one held their breaths, as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than for myself. At length a shout

from the deck reached my ears, and, looking round, I saw that we were on the outside of the floe. We were just in time, for, the instant after, the ice met, and the passage through which we had come was completely closed up. The order was now given to keep the helm up and to square away the yards; and with a flowing sheet we ran down the edge of the ice for upwards of three miles before we were clear of it.

Only then did the people begin to enquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes. This I may consider the first adventure I met with in my nautical career.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE *BOUNTY*

IN the latter part of the eighteenth century the good ship *Bounty*, commanded by Lieutenant Bligh, set sail from Spithead, bound for the scene of Captain Cook's discoveries in the Pacific.

Two expert botanists were attached to the expedition with the object of studying the vegetation of the South Sea Islands. These, with the crew and officers, made a total of forty-six souls on board.

Almost from the commencement of the voyage rough weather was experienced. Gale succeeded gale, and nearly a year had elapsed before the island of Otaheite was reached.

The natives were pleased at the arrival of the white men, for they had known and loved Captain Cook, the explorer, and they did everything they could to show Lieutenant

Bligh and his sailors that they were welcome.

After a stay of several months at Otaheite the anchor was weighed, and the *Bounty* left to cruise among the other islands of the southern Pacific.

The commander of the expedition was a man of harsh and ungovernable temper, and cruel and vindictive to those who aroused his displeasure. Most of the crew at one time or another had suffered as a result of his ill-temper, and the time came when they could stand his ill-treatment no longer.

A special object of his wrath was Fletcher Christian, one of his officers, and one day when Christian happened to be in charge of the watch, the lieutenant missed some fruit from the deck. He flew into a terrible passion, berated the officer in a manner beyond all reason, and then said that he would make life so unbearable for the crew that they would be glad to throw themselves overboard. This outbreak was the last straw so far as Christian was concerned, and he at once made up his mind to desert the ship, and with this

end in view he soon began the construction of a raft.

Many of the crew knew of his intention, and the idea came to one of them to seize the ship. He spoke to some of his mates, and before long plans were made which included most of the ship's company.

The same night several of the sailors, with Christian at their head, surprised the lieutenant in his cabin, and, binding his hands behind him, forced him on deck. At the same time the others in the plot were busy securing those who were not in sympathy with the mutiny.

Arms, bread, water, and clothing were placed in a boat, and into this Bligh and eighteen of the crew, who had not joined the mutineers, were forced.

The nineteen men were truly in a desperate plight. The nearest land where they might look for help was the island of Timor, nearly four thousand miles away. There they were in an open boat, in the middle of the vast Pacific Ocean. A dreary prospect, indeed.

The mutineers had taken the precaution to

forcibly detain on board three officers who possessed a knowledge of navigation, but who were not in sympathy with the casting adrift of their commander, much as they disliked him. These were ordered to take the ship back to Otaheite.

The castaways took careful stock of their provisions, and it was decided that each man should be placed upon an allowance of one ounce of bread and half-a-pint of water a day. It was calculated that with very good fortune the food they had would thus last until they reached Timor. It meant practically starvation, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances, and after some considerable argument each man agreed to the condition.

It seems impossible that this small boat, weighed down by its load of men almost to the level of the water, should reach the goal nearly four thousand miles away, but the miracle happened, and in time the island of Timor was sighted. The pitiful condition of the men when they landed may be imagined; they were more like skeletons than human beings.

The people of the island did all they could for them, but only thirteen lived to make their way back to England, where the story of their sufferings attracted the greatest attention. In his version of the mutiny Lieutenant Bligh did not fail to dwell upon his kindness to all the men under his command, and his inability to give any reason for the cruel treatment accorded to him and his fellow sufferers. As a measure of compensation, he was given a raise in rank.

* * * * *

The mutineers of the *Bounty*, having rid themselves of the tyrannical Bligh, and those who went with him, elected Fletcher Christian to be their commander, and set out for Otaheite. They told the islanders that their ship had fallen in with Captain Cook, and that Lieutenant Bligh and eighteen of their crew were with him. They themselves had been sent back to Otaheite for provisions, and these the natives gave them in abundance, being overjoyed to learn that their friend, Captain Cook, was still alive.

Being plentifully supplied with food,

Christian set sail for the island of Toobonai, taking with him about twenty Otaheitans.

As soon as the *Bounty* reached Toobonai, the mutineers landed and built a fort, because the people of the island were not well-disposed towards the white men. And before long they had good cause to regret their coming, because the sailors ill-treated them, trying to make them their slaves. The natives turned against them, and drove them from the island, and soon the *Bounty* was on the way to Otaheite again.

More than half of the men decided to remain at Otaheite, and Christian, with the others, sailed away. This was in September, 1789, and many years passed before anything more was heard of either ship or crew.

About twenty-five years later a British cruiser touched at the lonely island of Pitcairn, and on the shore was found a handsome young white man who addressed the sailors in excellent English. On being asked his name, he replied, "Thursday October Christian."

The island was found to be inhabited by forty-six people, and investigation showed that they were the descendants of those of the mutineers who had sailed from the Otaheite on board the *Bounty*.

THE TESTING OF A MAN

THE wind backed round into the northwest, with an awfully hideous sea which made the deeply-laden *Sealark* strain and labour as if she would loosen her plates. Captain Jenkins, full of care for his charge, saw to it that all the sails were well secured, all the mast supports well looked to by means of preventer backstays, and, in short, everything done that a good sailor could think of for the safety of the vessel and all on board under any circumstances of the weather. For he knew how low the glass had fallen, and he felt the need of preparing for the worst possible eventuality.

At last the weather grew so bad, and the wind so high, that the carrying of any sail was impossible, and so the *Sealark* lay hove-to under bare poles, with just a tarpaulin in the

mizzen rigging to keep her head from falling off and leaving her in the trough of the enormous sea then running.

It was a gale that will be long remembered in shipping annals for the enormous destruction of property and loss of life at sea, a regular tropical hurricane raging in the temperate zone and just where the greatest traffic in the world congregates, outward and homeward bound. It blew so hard that the *Sealark* lay down with her lee rail under water, deeply laden as she was, and refused to rise; while the sea smiting her weather side was caught by the furious tempest and hurled high over her mast's head in great sheets of spume. Then is the time when the weak spots show and when faithful work proves its worth, for one small mishap at such a time may, and often does, lead to the loss of the ship and the lives of all hands.

So day faded into night with no relief, while all hands hung on to their patience, as it were, thankful for a staunch ship and a fairly good cargo. But, oh! the weary hours of the night. A man does get so weary of the ravenous roar

of the wind, the unceasing assault of the mighty sea, does long so for a little respite. Day, moreover, broke again over an ocean that was one expanse of white, for the sea seemed mingling with the sky, its very surface torn off by the ferocious wind. It was impossible to see for any distance through the hissing spray, two or three hundred yards at the most, and yet they craved for further vision, it was so lonely. Then suddenly there was a slight lull, the ship eased up a little, and the sky cleared temporarily, although it was still blowing a tremendous gale.

And into their circle of sight there came an object of pity, awakening a passionate desire to do something at any risk whatever for the help of their fellowmen. It was a vessel of about the same size as themselves, but of wood, and by the appearance of her very near the foundering point. Her three masts, bulwarks and boats were gone, she was just a mere hulk upon the terrible sea; but upon the highest part of her, lashed to the stanchions of the departed bulwarks, which showed up like a set of broken teeth, were visible the cowering

forms of her crew, visible, that is, at intervals, when the incessant spray which fell over them became thinner than usual. The word went quickly round the *Sealark*, and all hands rushed on deck, staring with bated breath on the pitiful sight, and glancing anxiously at the skipper between whiles to see what he might be going to do.

Poor man, it was an anxious time for him, for his ship was quite unmanageable, as he dared not make sail. True, the derelict was to leeward of him, and a boat could reach her without very great danger; but unless the wind let up soon, the getting of that boat back was an obvious impossibility. However, there was no question about the urgency of the matter, for at every scend of the sea it would be noticed that the unfortunate craft had settled deeper, had less buoyancy. So, pulling himself together, Captain Jenkins shouted at the pitch of his great voice, "Who will volunteer to go and try and save those men from drowning?"

There was only a momentary hesitation, and then four men stepped forward. They

were the two Scotchmen, Hansen, and one of the Welshmen, the other being at the wheel.

Then the second mate looked up at the skipper, and said quite coolly, "I shall want another man, sir."

He had hardly uttered the words when Frank (sea apprentice), who had been watching the wreck with indescribable feelings, sprang forward and said, "Let me go, sir; I would have offered before, but I was afraid you would not let me go."

The skipper shook his head sadly, and said, "I'm afraid it's no place for you, my boy."

But Frank bounded up the ladder to his side, and said gaspingly, "I'm as strong as any of those men, sir, and you know I can pull a good oar. Besides, I want to show the second mate, sir——"

That was all, but the skipper nodded "All right," and immediately all hands were busy getting the boat out, a difficult and heavy task in a ship like that, where the boats are seldom carried ready for launching. But by dint of

hard work and eagerness she was got all ready for lowering in fifteen minutes.

"Now, Mr. Jacks," roared the skipper, "all I've got to say is, keep your eye on that ship and see that she doesn't go down while you're alongside, and take you all with her. As soon as ever I see you have reached her, I'll keep away and run down to leeward at any risks, so that you can run down to me as you are going to do to her, and may God grant that you save 'em all and yourselves too. Off you go."

The six of them got into the boat as she hung by a single bridle from a mainyard tackle, a steady shove off and she touched the seething surface almost instantly. The man at the tackle fall let go, and, as the barque heeled over, one hand in the boat unhooked the tackle and hove it clear, while the sea surging up beneath the vessel's bottom bore the boat a hundred yards to leeward at a single sweep. The second mate at the tiller kept her off before the wind, ordering the men to ship their oars and hold the blades high out of water by depressing the looms, with the

effect that the boat sped away as if under a press of sail.

There was no time to be afraid had the crew been ever so fearful, and in addition they all felt at once that they were being steered by a master in the science of boat-handling. It seemed but a minute or two before she reached the wallowing vessel, and as she fled under the stern the second mate shouted to his port oarsmen to pull for their very lives, starboard oarsmen to ship their oars and watch for a rope. The boat spun round right up into the smooth, and at the same moment a coil of rope was hove into her from the derelict, which was caught and held.

But now the boat's position was full of peril, for the derelict's decks on the lee side were under water, and some ugly fragments of spars, still attached by the lee rigging, were trembling about and threatening the boat with destruction. It was quite impossible to get close alongside, and yet every moment was precious, while the poor fellows, so close to rescue, and yet confronted with that terrible few feet of boiling foam and jagged trembling

spars, were in an agony of doubt. But their natural hesitation was solved by a huge sea which, bursting over the weather side, washed full half of their number overboard, as they were not then on the lookout for it; and before even they themselves had realized what had happened, they were clambering into the boat.

The rest were emboldened by what had happened, and jumped into the foaming vortex at the same moment as the second mate screamed, "Let go that rope, she's going." Happily one of them managed to reach the boat's side, and clung to it with desperate tenacity, as the heavily laden craft, caught by a swell, was swept away clear of that brutal entanglement alongside. Only just in time, for, as the boat swung off the wind, those in the boat, in spite of their efforts to get the struggling men who were hanging on the gunwale inboard, could not help seeing the defeated ship give one throe like a Titan in his death agony, and, her bow rising high in air, she slid down a yawning gulf into darkness

and peace, never again to be seen by the eye of man.

It was a splendid rescue, nobly planned and carried out, and all the more impressive because of the scanty sum of the moments during which it had been effected. And now the heavily laden boat must needs be brought to the wind and sea, which latter was getting up at a most dangerous rate, because it was evident that otherwise she would go as fast to leeward as the ship to which she belonged. It was most fortunate, therefore, that the second mate was so skillful, and, calling upon his men to stand by, one side to pull and the other to stern on the word, he watched the smooth when a big sea had passed, and then shouting fit to crack his throat, "Pull port, stern starboard," he swung the boat up into the wind, and she was safe for the time.

But she rode very deep, and threatened every moment to swamp, only the most energetic baling keeping her afloat. In addition, the air was so thick with spray that they could see nothing of the ship, and they could only

hope that from her superior height their ship-mates were able to keep sight of them. They all looked wistfully at the grim face of Mr. Jacks, which showed no trace of his great anxiety, and took comfort therefrom.

On board the ship they had not yet kept away, for a tremendous squall had blotted out the whole scene, and when it had passed and vision was restored for about a square mile, there was nothing visible but the small circle of white sea and black sky, although all hands were straining their eyes to leeward through the clouds of spindrift, for sight or sign of the devoted little boatload of beings who were at present all in all to them.

Suddenly there was a scream from forward heard above the monotonous growl of the storm. It was from Johnson, who had climbed up inside the lee fore-rigging, and had just caught a glimpse of something, he knew not what, a black patch on a hill of white. But the skipper had heard, and saw his pointing arm, and, focussing his glasses on the spot for a moment, shouted, "Run that fore-topmast staysail up."

All hands flew to obey, and steadily the small triangle of sail rose, carefully attended as to the sheet, until without a shake it was set. "Hard up with that helm, stand by your weather braces," were the next orders, while springing into the weather mizzen-rigging the skipper tore the tarpaulin down which was holding her to the wind. Slowly she paid off, and gathered way as the yards were checked, and presently, to the almost hysterical delight of all hands, they saw the boat, a tiny spot in that snowy waste, being tossed like a chip in the torrent, looking staunch and seaworthy still.

Down towards her sped the ship now, although only that rag of sail was set forrard, under full steerage control, with the skipper clinging in the weather rigging like a bat, and conning the vessel with waves of his hand, for his voice was useless in that uproar. Down past the boat they swept, high on the crest of a gigantic wave, while the tiny overloaded craft seemed to come in the valley between two wave-crests as if sheltering there.

Then, at the skipper's beckoning hand,

some of the fellows rushed aft and hauled out the head of the mizzen. Down with the helm, no time to watch for smooth seas now, let go the fore-topmast staysail halyards, and up she comes into the wind, receiving, as she did so, the full impact of the terrible sea that seemed as if it must crush her into fragments. She shuddered in every rivet, but survived; the drivers of those rivets in some far-away shipyard all unconscious of this life and death testing of their work.

And there, hove to again under bare poles with just the tarpaulin spread as before, she lay with all hands straining their eyes for the coming of the boat. Mr. Jacks, watching with stern-set face the manœuvres of the ship, followed the passing with orders to stand by the oars so that at his word the boat might be swung off, and driven before the wind and sea, and got under the lee of the waiting ship.

It was boldly, gallantly, successfully done, but not one of them failed to note how hungrily the mighty seas roared around their insignificance, but while some felt their hearts shrivel within them at the immediate prospect

of dissolution, others, among whom was Frank, were elated as the old Vikings at the prospect of battle, and would fain have shouted for joy. But the weary time of watching, and waiting, and noting the onrush of each awful sea had tested them to the last fiber, and they felt infinitely relieved at the change of action for passive endurance.

Away she sped, flung from crest to hollow of the seas, but steered so splendidly by the second mate that, although the foam seemed to stand above her gunwale in wreaths, nothing but the spray came over. And they all watched the face of the steersman, who looked, as indeed he was, a tower of strength, confident and able. Just shaving the stern of the *Sealark* by, as it seemed, a hand's breadth, he shouted, "Pull port, all you know," and the boat shot up alongside, to receive a line and be secured.

Then as she rose and fell, kept away from being stove in by the eddying seas coming under the ship's bottom, one by one, watching their opportunity, scrambled on board until, all but the second mate and Frank having left

her, the bridle was hooked on and many willing hands swung the gallant craft up into her place again. A splendid feat nobly performed, and one that all those engaged in would ever remember as making an elevating epoch in their lives.

THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

ONE of the greatest triumphs of all ages was the connecting of England and America by the Atlantic Cable, and this was brought about through the remarkable energy and determination of two men, Mr. Cyrus Field, of America, and Professor William Thomson, the noted Scotch scientist.

It was in July, 1857, that the first attempt was made. Two ships, the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, carrying between them nearly three thousand miles of steel cable, left Valentia, the most westerly point on the coast of Ireland, for the voyage across the great Atlantic Ocean.

The men who conceived the enterprise were ridiculed by many who considered them to be merely foolish enthusiasts, but time showed

that their lofty ambitions were practical, and that their ideals for the advantage of mankind would be realized.

The *Niagara* began paying out the cable, but before being out of sight of land the first hitch occurred—the cable became entangled with the machinery, and broke. Repairs were soon made, however, and for three hundred miles all went well. Then suddenly the cable parted and down it went to the bed of the Atlantic. The result was that the project had to be temporarily abandoned, and with sorrow in the hearts of all concerned in the work, the ships returned to Ireland.

But the work was merely postponed. The leaders of the gigantic enterprise were determined to bring their undertaking to a successful conclusion, and, undaunted by their failure, the following summer saw the two ships together again, ready for a second attempt.

But this time the plan was to make the connection between two cables in the middle of the ocean. There the necessary splicing was done and the ships separated, the *Niagara*

proceeding on her way to the American coast, and the *Agamemnon* turning back to Ireland. The operation was carried out under great difficulty, owing to the high seas and the weight of the cables, which made the work extremely dangerous. A week elapsed before the splicing could be accomplished.

This being done, the vessels started in opposite directions, but almost at once a breakage occurred. This was repaired, and another start was made. For a few hours all went well; then suddenly the anxious watchers on the *Agamemnon* were startled to see a huge whale approach the spot where the cable was disappearing into the depths of the sea. It was a time of great anxiety for them. If the great amphibeian struck the cable with any force, it would probably mean disaster; but fortunately the animal barely touched it, so this danger was past.

A few more miles of cable were paid out, and then came a breakage which caused another splicing to be made. Nothing daunted, the engineers accomplished this, and again a start was made.

But fate seemed to be against them. Before long there was a break which could not be repaired, and nearly one hundred and fifty miles of cable sunk to the bottom of the Atlantic, which at this point is more than two miles in depth.

But no time was lost in crying over spilt milk. There was only one thing to do, and that was to return and secure more cable. The plucky engineers refused to accept defeat; they meant to try and try until their efforts were crowned with success.

Having secured the necessary cable, the two ships again parted company in the mid-Atlantic. This time they were fortunate in having fine weather, and from the time the splicing was finished all went well, and there was great joy at the excellent progress made.

So well had the plans been made, that the *Niagara* reached the coast of Newfoundland on the very day that the *Agamemnon* landed at Valentia, in Ireland. At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of August 18th, 1858, the following message flashed underneath the ocean, from the Old World to the New:

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." Queen Victoria and the President of the United States exchanged friendly greetings, and there was great rejoicing on both sides of the Atlantic.

A magnificent feat of engineering, but not yet perfected. So far as laying the cable was concerned, it was eminently successful, but in a few days the current became weak, and soon refused to transmit any message.

It might be imagined that this failure would completely dishearten those who had so carefully planned and carried out the great undertaking. For the time being they were discouraged, but not to the point of despair. Such men do not permit defeat or disaster to overcome them, and they refused to admit themselves beaten.

But seven years passed before the next attempt was made to lay a cable under the ocean, and on this occasion the wonderful *Great Eastern* was the ship selected for the work.

Up to this time there had been no one ship afloat large and powerful enough to carry the necessary cable, but now this monster, the

wonder of the maritime world, was engaged by the Atlantic Telegraph Co. for the carrying out of the great undertaking.

Much of the interior of this immense ship was changed to permit the erection of three vast tanks, in which was to be stowed a new cable, superior in strength to that which had before been used.

To the rocks of Valentia the end of the cable was made fast, and the grand work was again in progress.

But difficulties again beset them, and when about sixty miles from the coast of Ireland something went wrong. The *Great Eastern* had been fitted with a special apparatus for picking up cable, so cutting the latter at this point and securing the end to a huge buoy, the ship went slowly back, pulling up the sunken strand. Ten miles were traversed before the cause of the trouble was found, and there it was seen that some of the outside strands had been driven into the centre of the cable. The damage was repaired, and the *Great Eastern* proceeded on her way.

Good progress was being made, and about

fifteen hundred miles of cable had been laid when the picking-up process again became necessary. A bad place this, because of the great depth of the ocean. The strain was tremendous, and more than the wire could stand. There was a snap, the cable parted, and sank to the bed of the Atlantic, more than two miles below.

The engineers were now confronted with a task that seemed almost impossible of accomplishment. They had to fish for the cable, which lay at the bottom of the ocean. Fastening a great grapnel to the end of a very strong wire rope, they lowered it into the water, and, after groping for a considerable time, their efforts were rewarded by feeling a strong grip. Anxiously they began to haul in the rope, but when about halfway up it broke, and down went grapnel and all.

Again the attempt was made, but with the same result. A still stronger grapnel was forged, and for the third and last time it was sent over the stern of the ship. It was a most anxious time for both workers and watchers—would their efforts meet with success?

No—their last endeavor to rescue the cable failed, and sadly they were forced to abandon the work.

But even this disaster did not deter the courageous promoters from their resolve to finish the work they had undertaken. The next summer the *Great Eastern* was again made ready for the task, with a new cable and an improved picking-up apparatus.

This time they were successful, as they well deserved to be. Advance was made at the rate of more than one hundred miles a day, and on July 27th, 1866, from the harbor of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, a message was flashed underneath the ocean to Ireland, telling the people of the Old World that telegraphic communication with the New World was established.

Truly a marvelous achievement, and one which reflects great honor upon those intrepid men who refused to admit defeat, and who, undaunted by failures, finally carried to a successful issue their plans for the benefit of mankind.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SILVER FLEET

THE great galleons sailed from the port of Havana, richly laden with silver and gold. It was unfortunate for the fleet that one of the largest ships sprung a leak, for all had to wait while it was being overhauled and repaired.

For twelve years there had been peace between Spain and Holland, but now the two countries were again at war. Piet Hein, the great Dutch admiral, was in command of a fleet of thirty ships, and had made up his mind to capture the Spanish vessels and their great treasure.

A gale had driven the Dutch fleet towards the Bay of Matanza, about sixty miles east of Havana, for which port Hein was making when the storm came up. The delay caused by the accident to the galleon was really the

cause of bringing the two fleets together.

The Spanish governor of Havana learned of the nearness of the Dutch fleet, and so despatched a swift yacht to notify the silver fleet of its danger. The storm also drove the yacht to the Bay of Matanza, where it was taken by one of Piet Hein's ships. The papers on the yacht gave the Dutch admiral just the information he desired, for he now knew that the Spanish vessels were somewhere in the neighborhood.

A sharp lookout was kept, and soon the Dutch sailors at the mast-heads sighted the sails of numerous ships. They gave chase, and, being the swifter vessels, soon began to overhaul the Spanish fleet. Piet Hein knew that the enemy was making for the Bay of Matanza, and so spread out his ships in the form of a fan, thereby giving the Spaniards small opportunity for escape to the open sea.

But Hein was in strange waters, and did not know the soundings as did the Spaniards. Darkness began to fall, and before night the galleons had all entered the bay, while the

Dutch ships lay outside, like a pack of hounds that had missed their prey.

Boats were sent on a reconnoitering expedition, and returned with the news that the Spanish ships were being unloaded, and their cargoes taken ashore. But at this Piet Hein only laughed, and said that there would be plenty of the treasure left for them to capture as soon as it was light again.

Very early in the morning, as soon as the sun began to rise, every one in the Dutch fleet was astir, and ready for the work ahead. The great galleons were heavily armed and manned, and, of course, would not surrender without a fierce struggle. Every Spanish sailor had been forced to take an oath that he would defend the treasure with his life, and to fire the ships and throw overboard their cargoes rather than to allow the enemy to capture any of the rich booty.

So a desperate battle was expected. At the earliest moment Piet Hein led the way into the bay, and soon the Spanish fleet was seen, aground in shallow water, but among the ships was no sign of life.

This made him doubly cautious. The Dutch admiral had no desire to run aground, and the silence of the enemy made him suspicious of some artfully-laid trap. He signalled to his captains that the attack would be made in boats.

The anchors were dropped, and soon the bay swarmed with the Dutch boats. The first Spanish ship to be approached was that of the admiral of the fleet, and as the Dutch neared the galleon, they were suddenly greeted by a broadside, which, however, did them no harm. The answer was a volley of musketry, following which was a demand to surrender.

To Piet Hein's surprise up went the white flag and in a few minutes the Dutch were on board. The Spanish admiral surrendered himself and his fleet.

Hein was amazed, for, without any real fighting, the Dutch fleet had captured one of the richest prizes in the world. The silver alone weighed more than two hundred thousand pounds, and in addition to this there was

a vast amount of gold, jewels and other valuable material.

The Spanish admiral had a pet parrot, and while Hein and his officers were counting the money the parrot, hearing the clink of coins, cried out, "*Victoria, victoria! O que bien va!*" In English these words mean, "Bravo, bravo! How lucky we are!" Probably the bird had often heard its master say this when counting his treasures.

The Dutch fleet, with its vast amount of booty, reached Holland safely during Christmas week, 1628. A great reception was given to the sailors, and particularly to their commander, Piet Hein. The treasure they brought was especially valuable at this time, because the government was in great need of money, and the country was almost on the verge of bankruptcy. Now they had no fear of poverty, for the enemy himself had provided them with plenty.

WRECKED ON AN ICEBERG

IT is not always necessary to run into Polar regions to meet with icebergs, as the experience of many Atlantic vessels proves. Even in these days of steam and improved navigation there is danger more than a little to be apprehended from the presence of these wandering islands, especially in times of fog or thick weather. As an instance of this, we may take the story of the *Lady Hobart*, one of the old Atlantic mailboats, in the days when steamships were not yet.

The *Lady Hobart* left Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the middle of the summer of 1803, under the command of Captain Fellowes. When three days out the vessel encountered bad weather, with fog and a heavy sea. There was, however, so far as could be seen, no special cause for alarm, and the passengers and some

of the crew retired for the night as usual. But at one o'clock in the morning everybody was effectually aroused by a tremendous shock. "So violent was the concussion," says the captain in his account of the affair, "that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks." The skipped rushed on deck, and found, towering far above his tallest mast, and close to the ship, "an island of ice." It was against this unseen and monster enemy that the *Lady Hobart* had struck. Instantly the helm was put about, but again the vessel crashed upon the huge iceberg. It is probable that she collided more than twice with the berg, for when at length the crew had got her off, her stern-post had been stove in, her rudder carried away, and her hull badly shattered.

The seas were breaking over the vessel with great force, and in a few minutes the hole was filled with water. The situation had in that short space of time become desperate. But prompt action was taken. "We hove the guns overboard, cut away the anchors from the bows, and got two sails under the bottom.

Both pumps were kept going, and we continued bailing with buckets from the main hatchway, in hopes of preventing the ship from sinking. But, in less than a quarter of an hour, she settled down to her fore-chains in water. Our situation was now become most perilous." The captain at once consulted with his master, Mr. Batgus, and Captain Thomas, an officer of the *Royal Navy*, who was a passenger. Both agreed that not a moment should be lost in trying to get out the boats, if it could be done at all in that tossing sea. To save the ship was plainly impossible; it was the lives alone that must be thought of.

Without a murmur the skipper's orders were obeyed; the boats, the cutter and the jolly-boat were launched, though with great difficulty and risk. Then, without panic, without selfish pushing or disorder, each waited his or her turn to embark. Into the cutter were first placed the three ladies the ship's company included. One of these, in her haste to get into the boat, sprang from the deck and fell violently to the bottom. It was

a marvel that she neither injured herself seriously nor smashed the craft, to the danger of herself and the rest. All this time the ship was sinking lower and lower in the water, and by the time the boats were filled only the quarter deck showed above the surface. At any instant even that might disappear.

But there was much to be done yet. The mails, in their water-tight case, were first ballasted with pigs of iron and then thrown overboard, possibly to be recovered some day. Then hurriedly some provisions were tossed into the boats, forty or fifty pounds of biscuit, a vessel containing five gallons of water, a five-gallon cask of rum, a quantity of spruce beer, and a few bottles of wine, a scanty supply for a company of twenty-nine persons. Two compasses, a quadrant, and telescope were also taken. An episode Captain Fellowes thinks well worth recording occurred at this time. One of the seamen was observed emptying out a five-gallon bottle of rum, to the astonishment of the captain. The man, however, proceeded to fill the empty vessel with water from the cask on the quarter-deck, the only

available supply now. And this was the only water the boats had with them. The thoughtfulness of the sailor, who sacrificed the sailor's favourite drink for water, was praiseworthy. The last to leave the ship was Mr. Batgus, the master, who had utterly refused to precede the skipper. It was not a moment too soon.

"We had scarce quitted the ship when she gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost. I had ordered the colours to be hoisted at the main-top-gallant mast-head, with the Union downwards, as a signal of distress, that if any vessel should happen to be near us at the dawn of day our calamitous situation might attract observation from her, and relief be afforded us. At this awful crisis of the ship sinking, when fear might be supposed to be the predominant principle of the human mind, a British seaman, named John Andrews, exhibited uncommon coolness: 'There, my brave fellows,' he exclaimed, 'there goes the pride of old England!'" A pathetic spectacle it was, a gallant ship foundering under the towering heights of

the iceberg that had brought destruction to her; two boats, weighed down almost to the water's level with their human freights, tossing on the agitated sea, no land nearer than hundreds of miles, and not a sail in sight!

A strange incident accompanied the sinking of the *Lady Hobart*. An immense school of whales came crowding round the doomed wreck and the neighbouring boats. These monsters of the deep, by their unwieldy antics, might send to the bottom every soul in the little craft. Instantly the men set up a loud whistling and shouting, and did all they knew to drive the animals away, but it was to no purpose. The whales pursued the boats for a full half-hour, and kept the occupants in mortal dread, "frequent instances having occurred, in the fishery, of boats being rent in twain by the force of a single blow from a whale." At last, to their infinite relief, the ship-wrecked crews were left in peace, and uninjured.

Captain Fellowes now resolved to steer for Newfoundland, which he estimated to be

about three hundred and fifty miles distant, bearing almost due west. It was a disheartening prospect that was before them; provisions small in quantity, and water scarcer still; seas rough and often shrouded in fog, boats crowded to their fullest capacity, there being eighteen persons in the cutter and eleven in the jolly-boat; and, to make matters worse, the wind dead against them. But it was the only chance of saving their lives, so far as they could see. The men all agreed to the captain's suggestions as to the economizing of their stock of eatables and drinkables. The allowance to each person *per diem* was but half a biscuit and a glass of wine. The water they decided not to touch at all except in case of the direst emergency. A sail was rigged up for the cutter, and the smallest boat was taken in tow. Crowded and cramped to such a degree that a man could with difficulty get his hand into his pocket, the unfortunate folk had before them the prospect of many days of hunger, of raging thirst, and of exposure to the dashing seas.

What other dangers they were threatened

by they did not need reminding of. Before many hours had passed they found themselves in the neighbourhood of another iceberg. Luckily it was broad daylight, and they avoided it. Later in the day they fell in with yet another of these dangerous rovers, and this also they kept clear of. But what would happen should they in the darkness of the night drive in upon yet another! And that they were likely enough to meet with more of the icebergs they were well aware. So they passed a sleepless night, and the morning found them cramped, cold, and miserable. Some of their biscuit had been damaged by the sea-water they had shipped, so that even the meagre allowance they had settled upon had to be still further reduced. Half a glassful of rum to each helped to restore the circulation a little, and even the ladies found the benefit of it when, after several refusals, they were prevailed upon to take their share of the spirit. The skipper induced his men to work hard at the oars, and for two reasons—to help the cutter to make more way than she could by sail merely, in a breeze but slightly favour-

able, and also to keep the warmth in their bodies.

In truth, they all needed something to keep up the circulation. Though it was summer time, the weather was intensely cold. Fogs and sleet made the atmosphere very raw, and the spray, which almost incessantly flew over them, began to freeze as it fell, making their position almost unendurable. Matters grew rapidly from bad to worse when a gale sprang up. The tempest increased to such an extent that it was no longer safe to keep the two boats near each other, and the jolly-boat had to be cut adrift. Very soon she was out of sight, to the great distress of those in the cutter. "The uncertainty of ever meeting the companions of our misfortunes excited the most acute affliction. To add to the misery of our situation, we lost, along with the boat, not only a considerable quantity of our store, but with them our quadrant and spy-glass. The gale, increasing with a prodigious heavy sea, we brought the cutter to, about four in the afternoon, by heaving the boat's sail loose over the bow, veering it out with a rope bent

to each yard-arm, which kept her head to the sea, to break its force before it reached us."

The sixth day of their exposure came, and the captain estimated that St. John's, Newfoundland, was no less than a hundred and fifty miles distant, so that they had covered some two hundred from the scene of the wreck. The heroism of the ladies especially was beyond all praise, and did not a little to cheer the men and keep them to their work. But it had rained all night, and the condition of the poor creatures had become truly deplorable. "The cold became so severe that hardly one in the boat was able to move. Our hands and feet were so swelled that many of them became quite black, owing to our confined state and the constant exposure to wet and cold weather. At daybreak I served out about a third of a wine-glass of rum to each person, with a quarter of a biscuit, and before noon a small quantity of spruce-beer, which afforded us great relief." As the day wore on, the wind abated, and the cold became less intense, though still severe.

That forenoon a sail was observed in the

distance, over-joying the ship-wrecked folk. The sight seemed to put new life into them, and every effort was made to attract attention. The skipper tied a lady's shawl to the boat-hook, and, getting up as well as his feeble condition would let him, he waved it till he could wave no longer. The other craft came nearer. Then, to their exceeding surprise, they perceived that it was their own jolly-boat that was approaching, her crew having managed to rig up some sort of sail. What conflicting emotions struggled in their breasts at this discovery! What a disappointment to men and women who had so fervently trusted that the much-hoped-for deliverance was at hand! Yet what a delight to find once more their companions, who in this marvellous way had come back to them after many days and nights of separation on the bosom of the boundless ocean! A more equal distribution of the food and drink between the respective boats was now made, and it was determined that the two should not again separate, except under the most urgent necessity.

Notwithstanding the joy of meeting again,

and the fact that they were now but a little more than a hundred miles from St. John's, it was a miserable time that succeeded. "The cold, wet, and hunger, which we experienced the following days, are not to be described," says the skipper. Some of the men, in spite of every warning and entreaty, began to drink a good deal of salt water. More than one became delirious, while others were seized with violent internal pains. Worse was still to come. Amongst the company were the skipper and two of the crew of a French schooner, which the *Lady Hobart* had captured at an early stage of the voyage, for it was a time of war between Britain and France. One of the French sailors now became so violent in his delirium that he had to be tied down in the jolly-boat. The French captain had supposed, on the wreck of the *Lady Hobart*, that he and his fellow-prisoners would be left to perish. That condition could never have occurred to a man like Captain Fellowes, and he had in all respects treated the poor Frenchmen as his own crew. But the French master had grown more despond-

ent every day, and at last he suddenly sprang into the sea from the cutter, in a fit of madness. He sank in a moment and never appeared again above the surface. Had it been otherwise nothing could have been done for the unfortunate man, at the speed with which the cutter was tearing through the water, and with the oars lashed as they were to the gunwale. This first loss of life greatly affected nearly all the survivors, and many began from this time to fear the very worst issue for the whole party.

Most of them were more or less unwell by this time, and the captain, who had been the mainstay of the company, himself fell seriously ill. He had violent shivering fits at intervals; he could take no nourishment, and grew feverish and delirious. His companions were alarmed, naturally enough, but the patient dropped into a profound sleep, which lasted for several hours, and when he woke again he was bathed in perspiration. But he felt much better; the fever had subsided a good deal, and there was hope for him. This illness caused the deepest anxiety to the rest,

for the captain's case might at any hour be that of others, and no man knew if, should he be attacked, he would emerge with results equally favourable.

Bad weather was experienced all along, and it was as much as the miserable people could do to keep down, by baling, the water which was constantly being shipped. The baling had to be done without interruption, by day as well as by night, yet few of the sailors had strength enough to do the work at all. So far as sun and warmth were concerned, the day was little better than the night; only once during the whole time of their exposure did the sun show himself to them. Another gale bore down upon the unhappy creatures, a gale "accompanied with so tremendous a sea that the greatest vigilance was necessary in managing the helm, for the boats would have broached to from the slightest deviation, and occasioned our inevitable destruction. We scudded before the wind, expecting every returning wave to overwhelm us; but, through the Providence of God, we weathered the storm, which, towards night, began to

abate." Nothing need be added to the simplicity of this account; the horrors of the situation can be feebly imagined by one who has not gone through a like experience. The mere discomforts of the wind, the cold, and the wet were enough to send the sufferers into a serious illness. As for the crew, the poor fellows were in worse case than the handful of passengers. Such sleep as they got they took as they lay in the water at the bottom of the boats.

By their reckoning, necessarily imperfect, but the best they could make under the circumstances, they estimated that they ought now to be near St. John's. But the fog was so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. There was great danger lest the boats might unexpectedly run aground, and this might occur at a point where destruction was certain. Some parts of the Newfoundland coast are rocky and dangerous, and to avoid these was now all the care of the shipwrecked. Yet they welcomed with delight the signs of the near neighbourhood of land that were observed—bits of rock-

weed floating by, a land bird which came and settled on their very boats for an instant or two. It was plain they were well under the shadow of Newfoundland, and the captain called for a last and special effort from his men. "It was strongly urged to them that should the wind come off the shore in the morning, and drive us to leeward, all exertions to regain it then might be too late, as, independent of our feeble state, the provisions, with all possible economy, could not last more than two days, and the water, which as yet remained untouched, except in the instances before mentioned, could not hold out much longer. We had been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, and without any other sustenance than the quarter of a biscuit and one wineglass of liquid for twenty-four hours. The men, who had appeared totally indifferent respecting their fate, now summoned up resolution; and as many as were capable of moving from the bottoms of the boats betook themselves to the oars.

All night they rowed, but were obliged, with the freshening breeze, to cut adrift the

jolly-boat again, and, when morning came, those in the cutter could see no sign of their companions, so thick was the fog that prevailed. Presently a sound as of the firing of guns was heard, and the men concluded with joy that they were close to land. Singularly enough, however, the noise was afterwards ascertained to be only the blowing of whales. At last the fog cleared and the sun shone out, and in a moment eager eyes spied land less than a mile away. It was near Kettle Cove, in Conception Bay. "I wish that it were possible for me," writes the skipper, "to describe our sensations at this interesting moment. . . . The joy of speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way. Many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; while some were in so lethargic a condition that no consolation, no animating words, could rouse them to exertion.

A service of thanksgiving was at once held on board the cutter, and the captain did what he had not dared to do before, except in one or two isolated cases, he gave each person a

drink of water, yet not too much, for he well knew the danger attending too free an indulgence after a long period of privation. Soon, to the joy of all, they saw their jolly-boat coming to meet them, and with her a schooner. The worst of the troubles for the ship-wrecked crew were over. The people on shore flocked in hundreds to see the boats, and helped to carry ashore the poor fellows, many of whom were unable to walk at all. The captain says, and the statement may well be believed, that "nothing could exceed their surprise on seeing the boats that had carried nine-and-twenty persons such a distance over a boisterous sea; and when they beheld so many miserable objects they could not conceal emotions of pity and concern."

THE BURNING OF THE *ALICE*

THE four-master *Alice*, of the East India Company, had made a good run since leaving Singapore, and apparently all was well. The ship was some hundreds of miles south of the equator, off the west coast of Africa, and making twelve knots an hour, with a spanking breeze.

Suddenly one of the sailors discovered smoke coming up through the main hatchway, and immediately reported this to the officer in charge of the deck. An investigation was at once made, and it was found that fire was raging in the hold.

The alarm was given, and any one who has experienced the excitement caused by an alarm of fire at sea can understand the feeling of dread caused by it.

The hatchways were at once closed, and all hands were set to work flooding the hold with water, but it was soon seen that the fire had gained such headway that the ship was doomed. The men worked like demons; the pumps were operated, and all available buckets were used, but still the fire gained upon them. The deck became so hot from the fury of the flames that it was almost impossible to walk along it.

Higher and higher mounted the flames, and soon the boats were ordered out. One of these was launched and filled, but it was small, and would hold but few of the ship's company. Efforts were made to lower the long-boat, but unfortunately the fire reached the tackle, which it burnt through, the boat falling into the sea and drifting away.

This was a terrible misfortune, because it was the only large boat, and its loss meant that many poor souls must perish miserably, either by fire or by being drowned. Men sprang into the rigging of the ship, with the natural desire to keep away as long as possible the last dread moment. Everything that would

float was thrown overboard, and soon many were clinging to this wreckage.

The whole ship became a sheet of flames, and to add to the horror of the scene the loaded cannon (which it was then the custom to have on board of all merchantmen) became so heated that they discharged their shot, adding to the already dreadful toll of death and destruction.

The last man to leave the sinking ship was the captain, who at the latest moment threw himself into the sea. Fortunately he was a strong swimmer, and seeing a large spar, to which some people were clinging, he struck out for it. He reached it, but at once saw that it was already so crowded that his additional weight would probably cause the immediate loss of those who had been so fortunate as to secure a hold upon it. Gallantly he left them, preferring to lose his own life rather than to endanger others.

He swam about for some time, and was rapidly becoming exhausted when he saw another spar, to which he clung. Almost unconscious, he heard a terrific roar. It was the

explosion of the ship. The air was filled with fiery pieces of timber, which, in falling, struck many of those who were still struggling for life in the sea.

The captain fainted, and on opening his eyes he found himself in the small boat which had left the burning ship. The sailors who had left the ship in this were cruising around in the hope of picking up those who might have survived, and found him just as he was relaxing his hold upon the spar.

Fortunately his injuries were slight, and soon the men were working hard to rig up a sail. There were few provisions in the locker, consisting only of a keg of water, some salt pork, and a few biscuits, little enough for ten men in a small boat, and at least six hundred miles from the nearest land. There was no compass, so that their direction had to be judged by the sun.

They were in desperate case, but the captain did his best to cheer his fellow castaways. Fair progress was made, there being a good breeze, but the monotony and lack of food told upon the strength and spirits of all.

The days dragged slowly by, and weaker and more exhausted did the men become. A very small piece of pork, a quarter of a biscuit and a swallow of water was allowed each day per man, and upon this fare most of them became ill. Twice it rained, and then the sail was pulled down in order to catch as many of the precious drops as possible.

On the morning of the tenth day land was sighted, to their great joy, and who can describe the feeling of thankfulness that came over them when the boat reached the shore?

But even though they were now on dry land, their condition was pitiable. They were almost dying from thirst and hunger, and clad in rags. Still, they were no longer at the mercy of the waves, and the very thought of food and succor revived them. Three of the party, of whom the captain was one, walked away from the sea in search of help, while the others lay wearily upon the sand.

Fortunately the three soon found signs of habitation, and to their relief stumbled upon the abode of white people. They had been

fearful that the place would be inhabited only by savages, and thankful were they to be hailed in the Portuguese tongue, with which language the captain was familiar.

He quickly told his story to the men who appeared, and who lived at a Portuguese settlement close by. Horses were at once harnessed to a large wagon, and soon the poor starved sailors were enjoying what was to them the best meal they had ever eaten.

For two weeks the castaways stayed with their preservers, who did their best to help them back to health and strength. After the fearful hardships through which they had gone, their present lot seemed heavenly, but they did not wish to impose longer upon their kindly friends, so as soon as they were able they set off for the nearest port, about forty miles distant. Here they were so fortunate as to find a ship needing more hands, and soon they were on the way back to old England.

It was a truly remarkable and almost incredible voyage these ten men had made. They had crossed more than six hundred

miles of the Atlantic Ocean in a small boat, with little to eat or drink. God, who rules both land and sea, was surely with them, and guided their frail craft to safety.

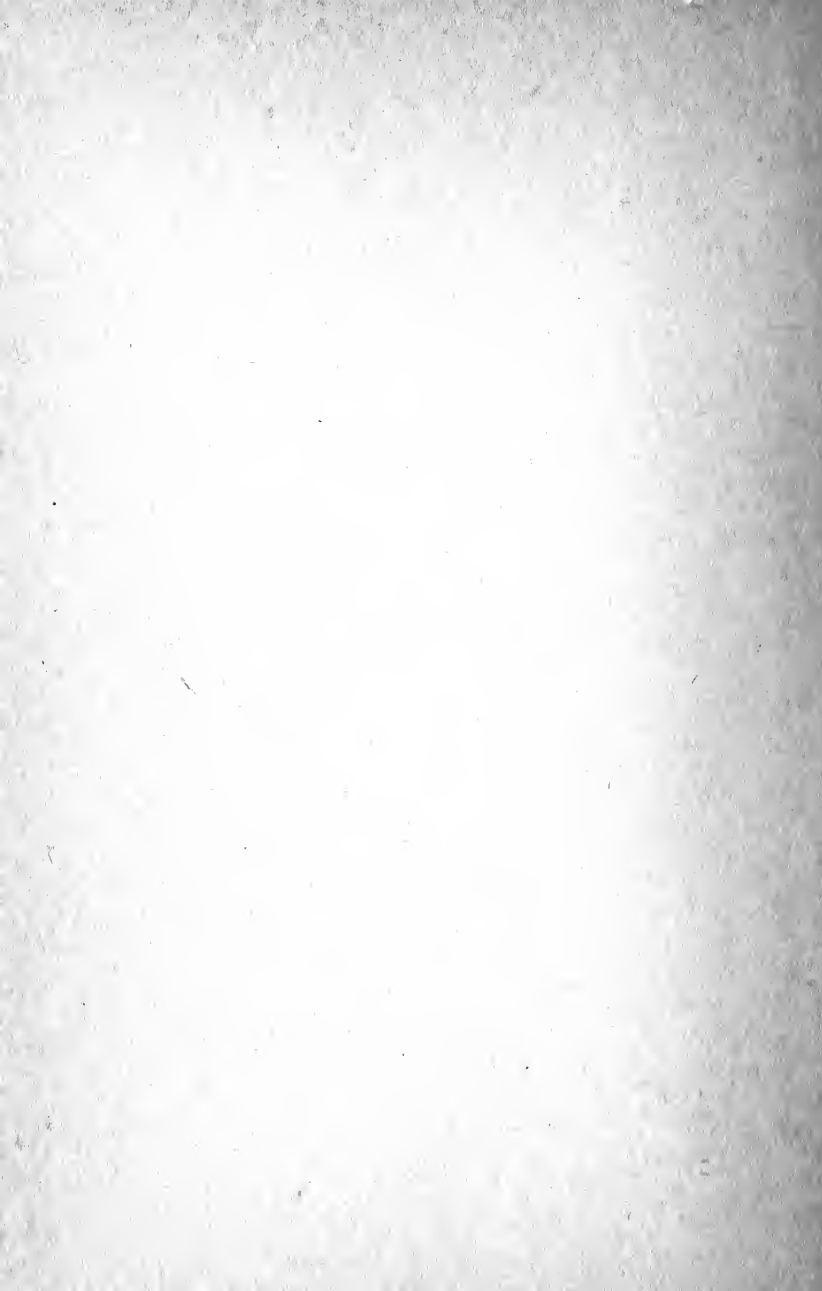
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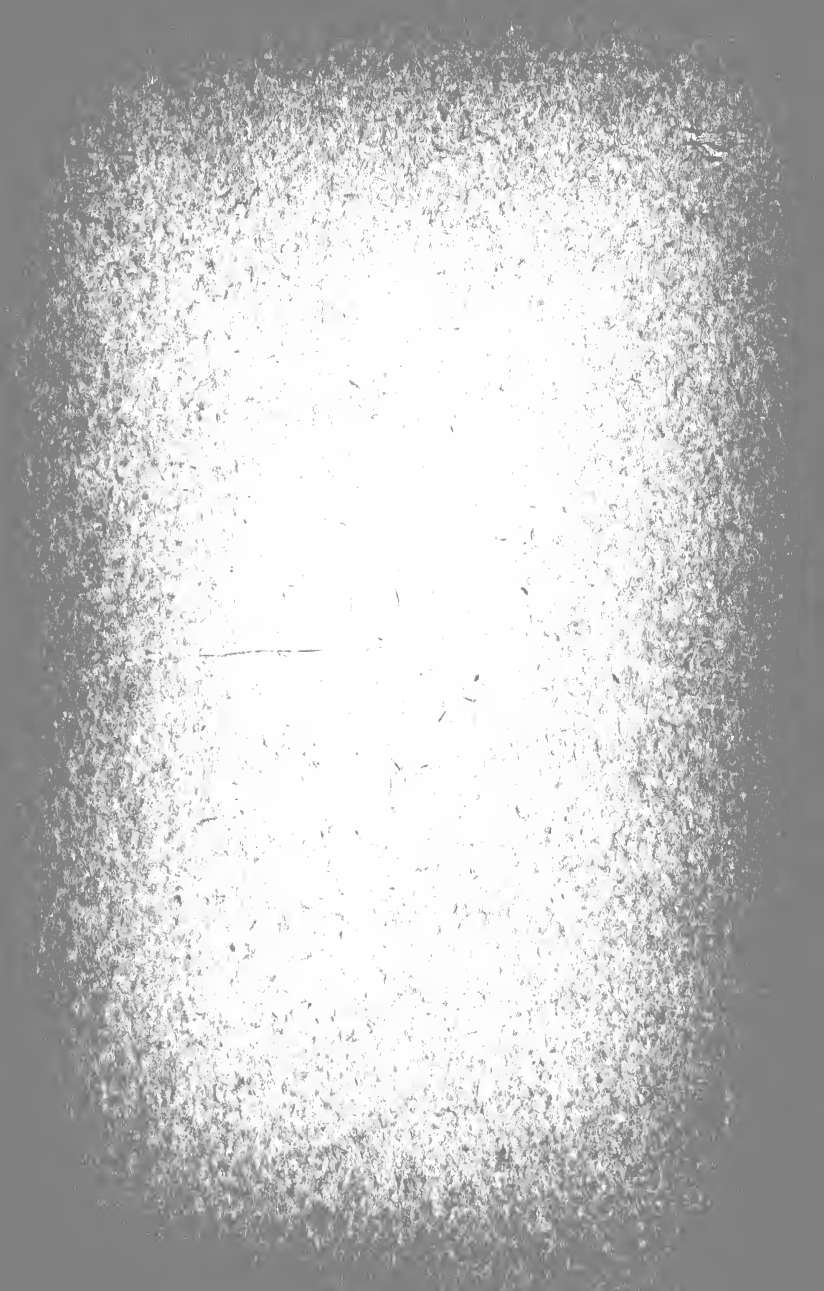
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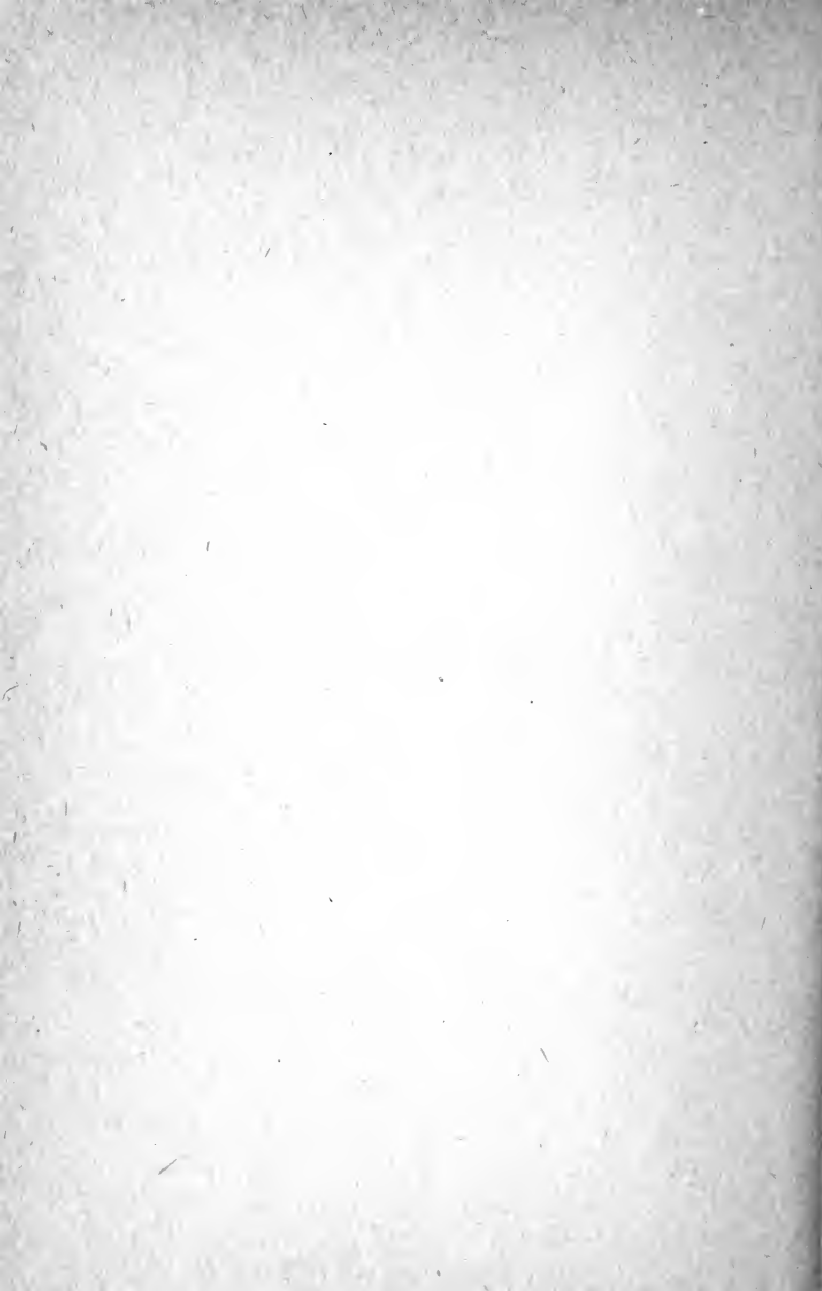
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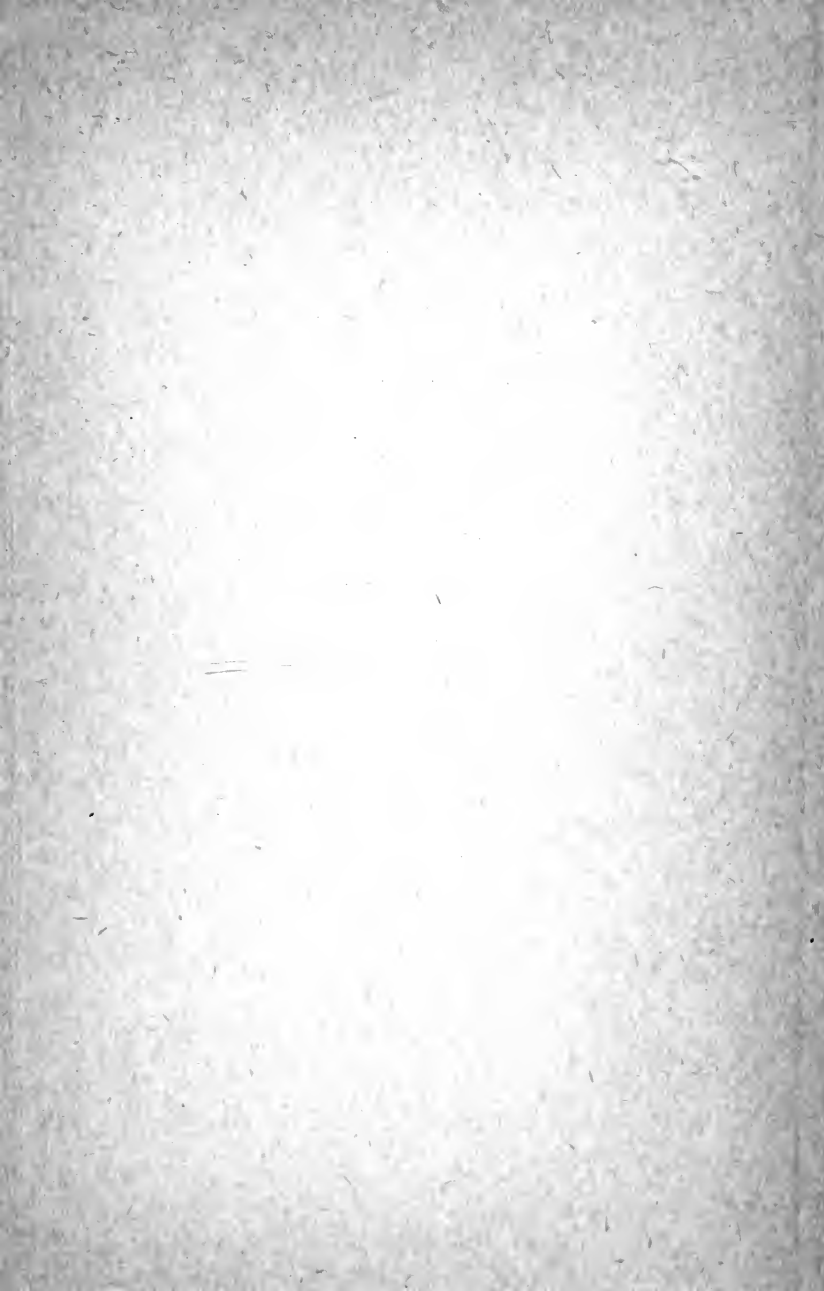
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